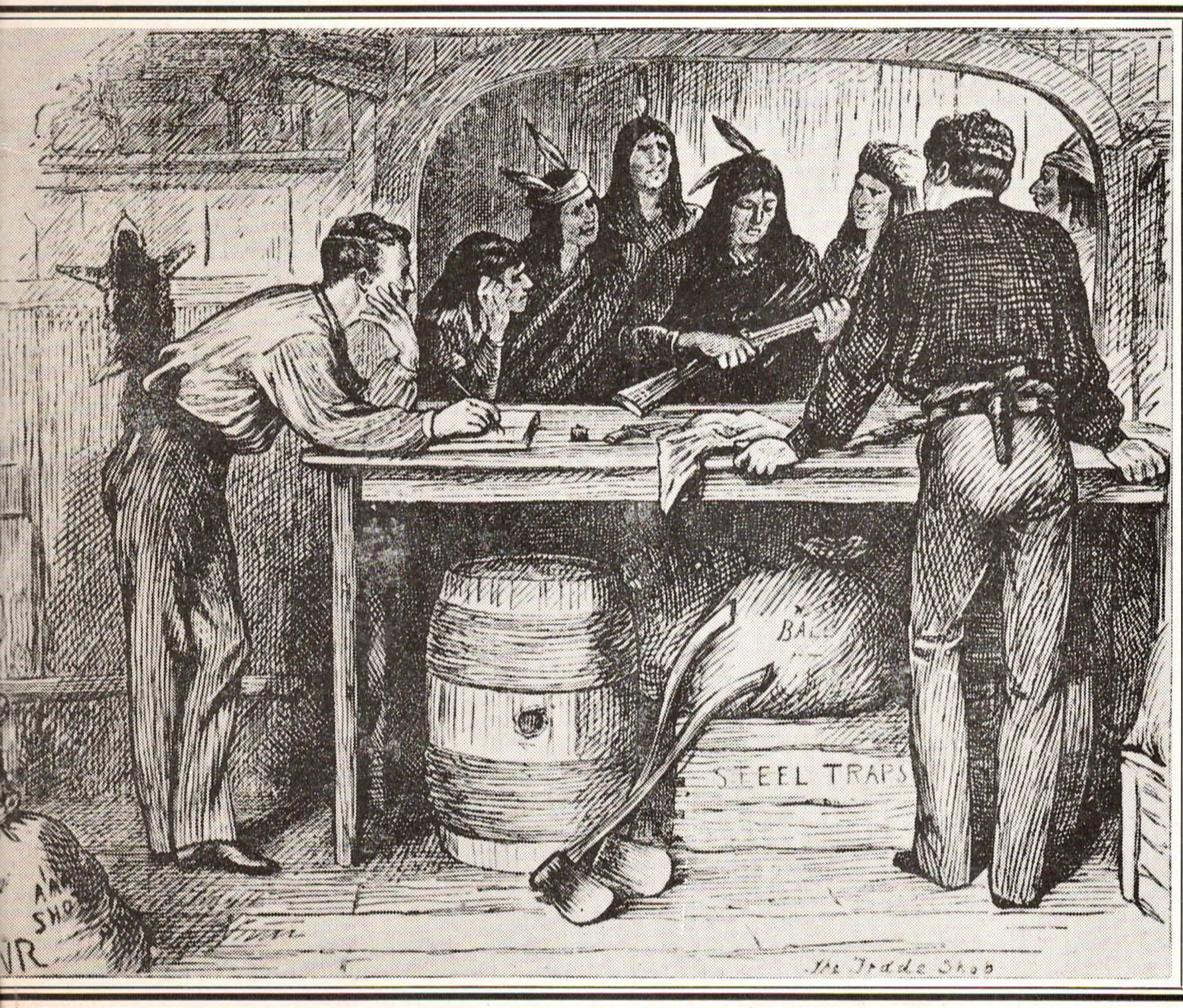
ALBERTA HISTORICAL REVIEW



TRADING ROOM, 1877
(see inside cover)

SUMMER
1971

- **Far West and Far North**
- **Mule Express**
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- **By-Laws**

Alberta Historical Review

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Cover Illustration: This view of a Hudson's Bay Co. trading room first appeared in Harper's Weekly on June 16, 1877. Sketched by one of their staff artists, it is based upon a winter trip made to Canada.

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"Timber Tom" [1]

and the North-West Rebellion

by

DAVID H. BREEN

As tension quickened in the Canadian North-West through the winter of 1884-85 the obdurate red man became the great imponderable. The previous two decades of Metis restlessness had brought about a certain wariness on the part of the white settlers, but while past experience did not rule out armed conflict there was general consensus among western residents that if given secure land titles, the Metis would remain peaceful. The turn of events beginning in late March 1885 proved, however, that the Metis question had not been resolved. In face of federal intransigence the Metis had determined to seek redress through force of arms. By the middle of April the situation appeared bleak; at every hand the rebels had met with success. At Duck Lake, Carlton, Frog Lake, and Fort Pitt the white man and the Mounted Police had been defeated. Many observers speculated that these initial successes would bring the vast majority of Indians who had hitherto remained uncommitted into the rebellion.

Local officials had in fact accurately reported to their eastern superiors, the deterioration of the native situation over the previous twelve months. By the autumn of 1884 the desperate plight of the northern Indians was clearly apparent. Observing that on almost all the reserves the crops had failed, C. B. Rouleau, the federal agent who had been sent to Battleford to investigate half-breed grievances, urged that increased provisions of food and clothing be distributed by the Indian agents to alleviate the "misery and starvation" that he predicted would be accentuated dur- the coming winter. The great danger, he warned, was that a hard winter would unite the Indian and Metis against the government. Rouleau advised Dewdney, Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories, that the Metis grievances should be settled quickly, for "once the half-breeds quiet, there is no possibility of any union between them and the Indians, and the latter being isolated will be always easily controlled."[2]

Rouleau's information should have impressed upon Dewdney the veracity and consequent urgency of the numer-

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[1] *Thomas Anderson, or as he was more popularly known, "Timber Tom," was born in Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, July 22, 1819. He came to Quebec first in 1842 and returned to emigrate permanently in 1846. From this time, until he was appointed Crown Timber Agent in 1881, he was the proprietor of a general mercantile business in Montreal. Anderson's arrival in Edmonton in 1881, when the population was about 200, marks him as one of the true "old-timers." He retained his position as Crown Timber Agent until his resignation in 1895, and remained in Edmonton until his death in October 1911. Anderson's biographer, Dr. A. O. MacRae* (History of the Province of Alberta, 1912) *describes the Crown Timber Agent as one who "applied himself with zeal and energy which recognized no object as insurmountable to the mastery of his duties, his ideas were high and his devotion to this office of that chivalrous character which evidences appreciation of the dignity that the Government has conferred upon him." Anderson's "appreciation of the dignity" of his office on occasion resulted in confrontation with the citizens of the town and certainly made him one of the more "colorful" personalities in Edmonton's early history.*

[2] *Glenbow-Alberta Institute, Dewdney Papers, Vol. V, pp. 1402-05, Rouleau to Dewdney, 5 Sept., 1884.*

Mr. Breen is a graduate student in history at the University of Alberta, Edmonton. The subject of his Master's thesis was "The Cattle Compact; The Ranch Community in Southern Alberta, 1881-1896." He also is author of "Plain Talk from Plain Western Men," published in our Summer 1970 issue.

ous dispatches he had received from the North-West Mounted Police over the preceding six months. As early as April 1884, the police Comptroller, Fred White, warned Dewdney "we will have our hands full in keeping the Indians quiet during the next twelve months."[3] The many reports that subsequently followed from Superintendent Crozier at Battleford confirmed this prediction. In July Crozier informed his superiors of meetings between the half-breeds and Indians at Duck Lake and Prince Albert,[4] and by November he had come to the same conclusion already reported to Dewdney by Rouleau. The Indians, Crozier said, were in a "destitute" condition, and if no help was forthcoming, he predicted some would "come to grief."[5] The consequent "grief" that would certainly fall upon the government if the situation was allowed to get out of hand was clearly implied, but the Lieutenant-Governor persisted till spring in playing the situation down in his reports to the Prime Minister.

It must be admitted however that Dewdney had to contend with a general lack of understanding so often typical of officials seated in a distant capital. Even Dewdney's tentative suggestion that Indian aid might be increased, met with Indian Commissioner Vankoughnet's curt rejoinder that he failed "to see the use in squandering . . . supplies upon Indians who are already in receipt of rations sufficient to feed them."[6] Vankoughnet lamented that some of Big Bear's band "were being fed without being required to work as other Indians are," and explained that "the working Indians on the different reserves in the Saskatchewan . . . will have good cause to complain that they are required to work for what they receive, whereas Big Bear and his followers are not."

As it turned out the winter of 1884-85 was particularly severe, leaving the Indians in an even more desperate condition than was usual in the spring. But in face of the growing tension reported from the West, Ottawa procrastinated. This continued failure to respond or even acknowledge local warnings served to raise the level of uncertainty and anxiety in the North-West as spring approached.

Knowing that Riel's emissaries were in constant touch with every Indian band throughout the spring of 1885, settlers awaited news of the Indian response to the Metis initiative in a state near panic, fearing the worst and alive to every wild rumour. It is evident, and for that matter hardly surprising, that the concern of most Alberta residents lay not so much with Riel's progress or with the local Metis groups, as with the nearby Indian population. The feelings of alarm, uncertainty and especially isolation, experienced by western settlers as they awaited the red man's decision is well illustrated in a series of letters sent during the rebellion from Edmonton by the Crown Timber Agent, Thomas "Timber Tom" Anderson, to his superiors in Ottawa.

On April 9th, using the rather lame pretext of officially informing the Department of the Interior that the lumber business was at a standstill, Anderson proceeded to give vent to his true purpose in writing with an aside on the precarious position in which the white inhabitants found themselves. "Great excitement exists," Anderson wrote, "we do not know the hour the Indians in our midst will rise, and if they do, God only knows the consequences. We are without arms, except a few, and without outside assistance will be at the Indians mercy."[7] At the close of this implicit appeal, Timber Tom returned to the lumber business and the obvious, in-

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[3]Ibid., *Vol. IV, pp. 789-91. White to Dewdney, 23 April, 1884.*

[4]Ibid., *Vol. V, p. 1943. White to Dewdney, 27 July, 1884, enclosing a report from Superintendent L. N. F. Crozier at Battleford.*

[5]Ibid., *Vol. IV, pp. 801-03. White to Dewdney, 29 Nov., 1884 from Superintendent L. N. F. Crozier at Battleford.*

[6]Ibid., *Vol. V, pp. 1104-10. A. Vankoughnet to Dewdney, 5 Dec., 1884.*

[7]*P.A.C., RG15, B2, Vol. 4, file 13634. Unless cited otherwise all subsequent correspondence is from this source. Changes from capital to lower case and in spelling and punctuation have been made where required in Anderson's letters. The author found this interesting series of letters within the voluminous Department of Interior records under the general and often misleading classification "Timber and Grazing Leases." Much of the material within these files relates only incidentally to timber and grazing matters.*

Among the limited arms at Fort Edmonton during the North West Rebellion were these two old cannon. The above group was photographed inside the fort in 1884.

forming federal officials that it was unlikely that business would return to normal "until quiet is obtained."

Given the apprehended urgency of the situation by April 16th, Anderson did not feel constrained to depend on the state of the lumber trade as a vehicle to present his concern. His next letter simply conveyed the desperate anxiety of the settlers gathered to seek the safety of the fort.

Fort Edmonton, Alberta,
16 April, 1885.

Sir:

It has just been decided to send out the mail hoping to get it through. It ought to have left last Friday, but owing to the Indians rising at Bears Hill and forcing Mr. Lucas the Indian Agent to leave, along with all the whites, it was detained till today. Yesterday the envoys sent to the Indians from the Fort returned with good news of the goods taken from the H.B. Co.'s store at Battle River being returned to them, and we deemed it advisable to try and get the mail through. Four special messengers have been sent asking help. We are without arms and suitable ammunition, and without help are in a critical position.

All farm work at a stand, most of the whites have deserted their farms and are residing in the Fort and at St. Albert.

The telegraph line has not worked for eleven days and we are not in possession of any news from below.

I have been in the Fort for four days and we do not know how long we may be there. All the Indian supplies as well as the Indian Agents, Anderson and Lucas, are there with their families, assistants and interpreters. Yesterday we had news of St. Anns H.B. post being raided, it lies forty-five miles north-west of here.

This will be a sad blow for this settlement, and without immediate assistance the confidence of the people is lost, and many of them will leave.

Trusting our worst fears may be averted, by the arrival of troops.[8]

I have the honor to be
Your obedient servant,
(Signed)
Thomas Anderson.

As the letter suggests, Edmonton's restricted communication with outside points aggravated the already tense situation. In their desperate attempt to send messengers for assistance, the anxious inhabitants were unaware that their southern neighbors were in an equal state of alarm. In Calgary the citizens waited in near panic for the expected assault by the dreaded Blackfoot Confederacy. Far from planning to relieve Edmonton the residents of the southern town were sending out urgent appeals of their own. In fact, the frantic endeavours of Calgary's "patriotic" citizenry reached a level of comedy not attained by their more seriously pressed northern neighbours.

On March 29th, Calgary's Mayor, George Murdoch, cabled the following

[8] *The "St. Anns" referred to is Lac Ste. Anne and the Indian Agent, Anderson, was no relation to, and not to be confused with the Anderson who was Crown Timber Agent and author of these letters.*

excited appeal to Ottawa. "Blackfoot Indians moving in numbers towards Calgary. Order Capt'n Steele and a force of Crozier's men to our relief at once."[9] The following day the Dominion Land Agent in Calgary forwarded a telegram to the Deputy Minister of the Interior, A. M. Burgess, expressing his alarm, not about the imminence of an Indian attack, but rather the possibility that the hysteria and excess of the townsmen might provoke the Indians.

Calgary
30 March, 1885

For A. M. Burgess
Deputy Minister of Interior

Citizens excited to rashness. Female Indians driven from town at point of pistol. People's action frighten children in neighborhood. Firearms discharged nightly in street. Mayor mixed and incapable. Patrol small force necessary to control citizens otherwise may provoke Indians to hostility.

(Sgd.) J. McD. Gordon

Gordon's urgent telegram brought forth an immediate and anxious response from Ottawa. Burgess answered that the government had "every reason to believe [the] Indians are perfectly friendly, and citizens should do everything to assure them [the] feeling is reciprocated."[10] Ottawa was particularly determined that the Blackfoot not be provoked. At the outbreak of hostilities officials in Ottawa had been as fearful as Calgary's citizens about the possibility of this tribe joining the insurgents. Ottawa's apprehension was quickly calmed, however, by Father Lacombe's assurance to the Prime Minister that the Blackfoot would remain loyal. On the basis of such advice from this respected and long trusted source, Macdonald, unknown to Calgary's agitated citizenry, was actually considering raising a Blackfoot corps under Crowfoot to set loose against their traditional Cree enemies who were now in revolt against the government.[11]

"It would not do to encourage an Indian War," Macdonald wrote Dewdney, "but I understand that the Crees dread the Blackfoot like the devil." Macdonald was of the opinion that even the rumour that such a force had been prepared "might have the effect of producing panic amongst the rebels" and he asked that Dewdney return his opinion of the scheme by telegraph. While the Blackfoot force did not materialize both Macdonald's scheme and Calgary's fears bear testimony to the respect accorded these mounted warriors of the plains, and accounts for the fact that Gordon's caution was taken with full seriousness. His request for a patrol to take over defence responsibilities from the rash locals was forwarded to the Minister of the Militia and subsequent appeals by Calgary's mayor for arms and horses for the citizen's patrol were ignored.

The continuing antics of Calgary's "defenders" also occasioned the distainful reproof of one of the region's oldest and most experienced settlers. John Glenn, who remained on his farm eight miles south of Calgary throughout the "emergency" could not comprehend the irrational response of many of his neighbours and nearby townsmen, and assumed that they were the unfortunate victims of a plot by the large ranchers to frighten settlers from the area. Remarking cynically that though his experience "amongst Indians of different hostile tribes [did] not date back further than 1854," he could not imagine the Blackfoot marching on Calgary.[12] In a letter to the editor of the *Calgary Herald*, Glenn accused the paper of seeing danger where none existed and held the town's valiant "defenders" up to scathing ridicule.

> During the last 10 days these opponents of immigration, have used the fact of the disaffection among a few half breeds, some 500 miles off, as a basis to work on the fears of the inhabitants of Calgary, circulating imaginary dispatches calling congregations out of church to protect themselves by reporting that the Blackfeet Nation were within 6 miles of Calgary. The valiant defenders of Calgary thought they could best show their bravery by stalking about the town all night with loaded firearms, frightening the women and children out of their wits.
>
> I look upon it that it is every man's duty to protect the weaker sex and the children whether his own or others, but never to raise a false report. A lot of "old women" dressed in men's clothes are of no protection. They only excite the others and pronounce danger when none

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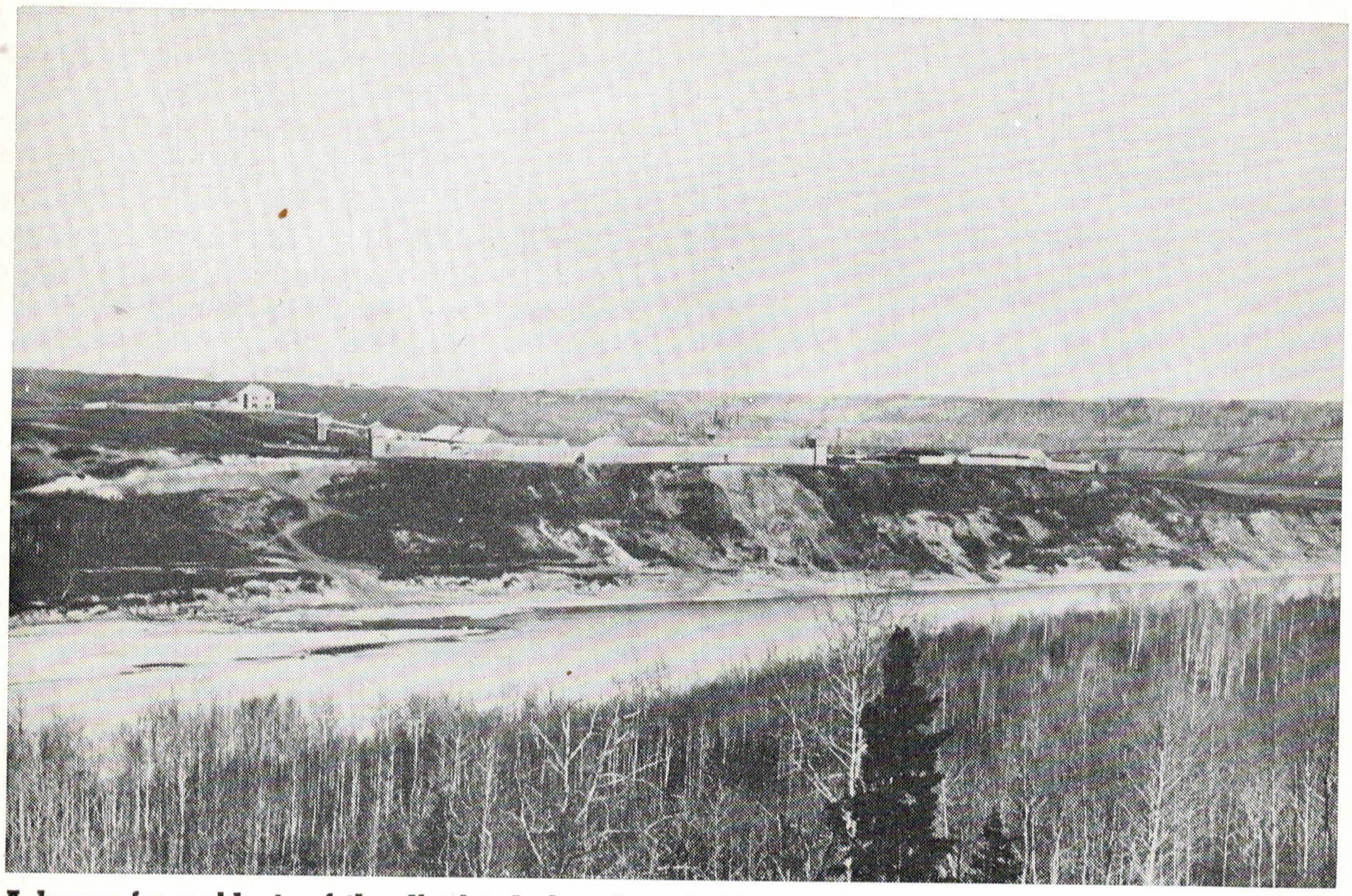
[9] *P.A.C. RG 15, B1 2, Vol. 101, file 87193.*

[10] Ibid.

[11] *Dewdney Papers, Vol. III, pp. 553-54. Macdonald to Dewdney 29 March, 1885.*

[12] Calgary Herald, *9 April, 1885.*



A haven for residents of the district during the rebellion was the palisaded Fort Edmonton. This view, looking north-east across the river, shows the fort in 1879 with the chief factor's house at left.

exists except in their own imaginations. These "old women" with their bogus reports frightened each other to such an extent all Sunday night, that I finally believed on Monday morning that a few squaws might have raided the town without any opposition.

After several weeks this initial frenzy seems to have abated somewhat, and by April 30, the date of Anderson's third letter from Edmonton the beginning of a return to rationality was evident. The messengers earlier dispatched had returned from Calgary with news that federal troops were on the way. This prospect of immediate relief brought forth a qualified expression of relief. "We have passed a fearfully anxious time," Anderson wrote, "expecting the different bands of Indians to rise, we took refuge in the fort, but without arms and the Mounted Police 20 miles off [Fort Saskatchewan]. Our chances were poor had they risen. They are all well armed with plenty of fixed ammunition, wherever they got it." With the announcement that the troops were at hand, the Indians were alleged to have "abandoned their defiant attitude," but while implicitly admitting that this meant relief to the town and vicinity, Anderson was prompted to warn that great danger would remain "from broken bands roaming through the country and committing depredations on the outlying settlers and settlements, this will likely be the case till next winter drives them in from the woods." This fear of Indian raiding parties remained for several months following the collapse of the rebellion and was the main topic of Anderson's subsequent letters.

Apparently in fear that distant federal officials might conclude that with the arrival of troops to the town the situation would return to normal, Anderson sought to again impress upon Ottawa in his May 7 letter how narrowly disaster had been averted, by claiming that had the arrival of soldiers been further delayed "there would have been a general uprising and God only knows the upshot." He maintained, as before, that the essential problem remained, it had merely been transferred from the immediate vicinity to the countryside.

The department's now familiar correspondent reported that all the settlers from Beaver Lake,[13] about 70 miles E.N.E., had arrived at the fort with their cattle and horses and that these people had been forced to give up some of their horses to Indians who were "continually passing" in "considerable numbers." Having presented witness to his statement that numerous Indians were abroad in the countryside, Anderson repeated his contention that:

> What we have now to guard against is prowling bands committing all sorts of depredations on outlying settlements. This will be the case till next spring. They will keep under cover in the woods till starved out in the winter, although I understand they are preparing by slaughtering the cattle and drying the meat.

It seems that the Crown Timber Agent foresaw a long continuing struggle ahead and he closed with the self assurance that "the General will take care that we are not again left without arms as in this case."

News of Riel's capture appears to have been of limited consolation to many northern Alberta residents. It was the Indian rather than the Metis that had been the main concern. Remarking on the collapse of Metis resistance in his letter of May 20, Anderson ventured that this would "prevent more than the half breeds (French) from rising, but will have little effect on the Indians." Charging that the force of police at Fort Saskatchewan some twenty miles distant was "perfectly useless" for the defense of Edmonton, he argued that a resident force of regulars supported by an armed militia would be required for some time.

In support of his position, Timber Tom related two new incidents. He recounted the recent destruction of the Hudson's Bay post at Lac La Biche by Indian marauders and the hasty escape and arrival in Edmonton of the factor and his family. Also mentioned was the happy return of two telegraph repairmen who had been missing for six weeks and presumed victims of the Indians. Most important, from Anderson's point of view at least, was the allegation by these two that the country was "alive with Indians" and they dared travel only by night. This reinforced Anderson's abiding fear of the danger that awaited the unwary traveller or isolated settlers. He asserted that had the trail to Calgary been safe he would have sent his family out of the country "as many others are going."

By June 4, the date of Anderson's last letter, the town was in daily receipt of news by courier. Though Poundmaker's surrender had been reported, it was generally believed that Big Bear and his mixed force of Plains and Woods Crees could hold out in the forest for some time. Accordingly, the Crown Timber Agent returned to lecture the Department of the Interior once more on what by this point had become his predictable theme. "[The] whole country is full of marauding parties of the Scoundrels," he wrote. In fact Anderson had ironically become the victim of his own prophecy and for the first time was able to report from first-hand experience. With a sense of renewed conviction he announced ". . . on Thursday night last I suffered from their depredations in the loss of two horses out of my enclosed pasture . . . ." There was not the least doubt in his mind that Indians had been responsible for the theft. Anderson also cited the loss of stock by his neighbour on the same night as proof of the Indian menace and the necessity of having police reside amongst the settlers as well as on the reserves.

Despite Anderson's continued state of agitation as reflected in his repeated letters to the Department of the Interior, he could elicit no more than routine official acknowledgements of his correspondence. Given the disrupted state of mail services the first letter was not received in Ottawa till May 7, and the second letter till May 9. By this time federal troops had taken the initiative and were about to bring the struggle to what Ottawa confidently expected would be a victorious close. This conviction in part accounts for the Department's restrained acknowledgement of Anderson's second letter. The Assistant Secretary tersely informed the writer that they were in possession of other information ". . . much less alarming in

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[13] *More commonly known as Beaver Hill Lake.*

its tenor." Observing that troops had arrived in Edmonton, the department expressed its hope that the people were as "comfortable and confident as they can be under the circumstances." Had Anderson's letter arrived two weeks earlier the response probably would have been different. Ottawa's second response was even more perfunctory, simply acknowledging Anderson's first letter "respecting the present state of the lumbering business at Edmonton."

Subsequent routine acknowledgements by federal officials denote the traditional inclination of functionaries ensconced in a distant capital to dismiss local reports as unnecessarily alarmist. With the advantage of hindsight, assessment of Anderson's letters would suggest that the evaluation made by federal officials, whether the result of insight or distance, was basically correct. The fact remains however that while the tenor of the reports may be discounted as alarmist, they do truly reflect the high state of popular excitement existent in the west. It is apparent moreover that this anxiety was directed almost entirely toward the Indian population. Anderson's letters for example, make scarcely any mention of the Metis. While in Calgary the Indians could logically be construed as the only potential threat, there was in the vicinity of Edmonton, a sizable Metis population, and yet here too the overriding fear was of the Indians.

There seems reason to suggest that this exaggerated fear, first of a general Indian uprising and later of foraging bands, was complicated and conditioned by a frontier mythology that had already gained wide currency. The oral accounts and printed histories which had romanticized two centuries of white-Indian conflict produced a stereotype that had been reinforced since the American Civil War by the sensationalism of the new "popular" press. It is doubtful if any literate, or for that matter, a single settler in the Canadian North-West was unaware of the continuing bloody struggle between the Plains Indians and the United States cavalry, which was described in sordid detail by aspiring correspondents vying to gain advantage for their respective papers and advancement for themselves. Extracts from such accounts in the large American dailies were commonplace in most Canadian newspapers, especially in the new one-man operations characteristic of the North-West that eagerly accepted copy from whatever source.

These reports probably reinforced the folk tales which newly-arrived settlers from the East had heard as youngsters on the knee of their grandparents, and helped create a climate in which the feelings of isolation was intensified and where the wildest rumour could gain credence. In this sense the irrepressible anxiety of individuals such as the Crown Timber Agent in Edmonton, or the frantic overreaction of certain Calgary citizens was the product of a real concern in face of apprehended danger that was compounded by a fictionalized concept of the frontier that already had a firm hold on the popular imagination.

LOUD AND CLEAR

The case of Salvation Army vs. Morley was tried before Mayor McCauley on Tuesday. This was a case of disturbing religious services, the disturbance consisting of singing out of harmony with the congregation in a manner that was annoying to the worshippers. Some of the witnesses swore that they were obliged to leave the meeting on account of the inharmonic noises made by the defendant, while others swore that his singing was not disagreeable to them. The weight of evidence seemed to prove that Mr. Morley's voice was not melodious upon this occasion, and the mayor therefore imposed a fine of one dollar, disallowing all witness fees.

—Edmonton Bulletin, Oct. 25, 1894

Far West and Far North

by

WILLIAM FLETCHER BREDIN

In the spring of 1877 I boarded the "Francis Smith" at Collingwood, Ontario, a wooden side-wheeler and sailed on her to Duluth, Minnesota. From Duluth I travelled by railway to Fisher's Landing on the Red Lake River and on the "International," a stern-wheeler river boat, arriving in Winnipeg. My father, who had gone ahead of me, had purchased a place near Winnipeg, which is now in the city. He went back home that fall and left me there as I had nothing in particular to do. The man he had bought out was occupying part of the house and I occupied the other part of it that winter of 1877-78. There was no sleighing on the land that winter on account of scarcity of snow but you could skate from Lake Winnipeg to the head of the Red River, a distance of six hundred miles. I spent a great deal of my time skating. This place my father bought was in the old Scotch settlement of Kildonan.

The family came up the next spring and my father bought some land facing on the Red River in the parish of Ste. Agathe, and he sent me up there with a yoke of oxen to break some of this prairie land. I broke 40 acres of it. In the meantime I had joined the volunteer cavalry troop in Winnipeg and there was a strike of the labourers on section 15 of the construction of the CPR east of Winnipeg. I went with a detachment from our troop, 25 of us along with 25 of the artillery and 25 of the infantry under the command of Col. Osborne Smith. We got out there in the evening and arrested some prisoners. The next morning, 800 men came walking down the track, four abreast, every man with a club in his hand and made a demand for the release of these prisoners. The Colonel went forward and harangued them declaring that no prisoners would be released but giving them to understand that the troops were there to see fair play all around. It must have been two in the morning when this crowd came down. Anyway the crowd was satisfied at length. We remained for a week until the matter was straightened up and then went back to Winnipeg.

The next year I pulled out as I didn't like Manitoba, and went to Bismarck, N.D., on the Missouri River. Well, I stayed alone there until the fall and then I went out on the stage line between Bismarck and Miles City. The mail had to move six miles an hour, day and night, and I was on the night run between Green River, where the town of Wilkinson is now, and the Little Missouri, near where Teddy Roosevelt afterwards ranched. The Sioux Indians had been bad that summer and had killed some freighters. I made up my mind I'd get out of there before the next summer. I was getting 40 dollars a month at this stage work and I heard that the cooks were getting $75.00 a month, working for the engineers on the Yellowstone. I got the address of the

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William Fletcher Bredin was born in Stormont, Ontario in 1857 and, as indicated in his narrative, he came west in 1877. After working and trading in the Alberta and B.C. areas he went north to the Mackenzie River in 1896 and opened a trading post. He later went into partnership with James Cornwall and operated a string of posts in the north. He was elected to the first Alberta legislature as Liberal member for Athabasca, serving from 1906 to 1909. Because of his knowledge of the north, he was a witness in 1906-07 before a Select Committee of the Senate enquiring into the resources of the Mackenzie. Bredin later took out a homestead near Grouard and in 1911 began farming north of Bear Lake, at Twinshacks Farm. He also maintained a trading post at Rio Grande on Red Willow Creek for many years. He died in 1942.

This manuscript is a combination of interviews with Mr. Bredin by W. D. Albright at Clairmont, Alberta, on June 12th and 16th, 1933, and of a speech Mr. Bredin gave to the Young Liberal Club, Lethbridge, in 1907. Both sources are from Glenbow-Alberta Institute Archives while the short Lethbridge talk also was published in the Summer 1958 issue of the Review.

The author, W. F. Breden, examines silver fox skins in 1904. These were traded by the firm Bredin & Cornwall at their posts on Lake Athabasca and Lesser Slave Lake.

engineer, Col. Clough, and applied for a position as cook. They immediately replied and told me to report to an engineer at Mandan who would pass me out to the end of the track. I arrived in Mandan about noon just at the spring break-up of the Missouri. The river ice-jammed and rose so fast that we had to leave the town and take to the bluffs, staying out for two days. I then got a chance to cross to the Bismarck side in a row boat as I had to go there to get my money from the stage line. I went out to the end of the track to Sentinel Buttes and to Glendive on the Yellowstone River which was headquarters for the construction work on the Northern Pacific Railway.

I reported to the engineer in charge there and he said that it was very fortunate for they had no cook. I had armed myself with a cook book. I had that work for two weeks and hardly had two hours sleep, as I was so green I didn't ask for an assistant. I had to wash dishes, etc., etc. There were big men, directors, etc., coming there all the time. In six weeks' time there was a party going up the Yellowstone to locate the railway line from a certain point, now Billings, and I went to the chief and asked him if I could go as cook.

"Are you not satisfied where you are, because we are satisfied with you?" Finally he said that I could go but my assistant, Jim Dillon, would have to stay. We were going by steamer to Miles City and just as they were throwing the ropes off to leave, Jim Dillon, who by the way, was a deserter from the U.S. Army, jumped on board and said he was coming too. He went and left them without a cook at all.

We called at a U.S. signal station and were told there that President Garfield had been assassinated. On arrival at Miles City our party was got together and we were furnished with ox teams for transport. The chief of our party was a Major Dukes, a Kentuckian, and I was the only Britisher in the party of twenty-two men. Dukes had a fondness for the British and claimed that there were only three lives between him and a baronetcy in England. He rode a beautiful Kentucky mare and I was the only other one in the party that he would allow to ride her. We camped on the Crow Indian Reservation west of the mouth of the Little Big Horn and he wanted to send some telegrams so he asked me to ride his mare into Junction City to send them. I had to cross the Yellowstone on a ferry to reach the telegraph office and when I came back to the ferry to recross it had stopped running for the night. Junction City had the reputation of being a great nest of horse thieves and I had an idea that the ferry had stopped running so I could not get across. I thought they would steal the mare I was riding, so I went into the stable and stayed in the stall with the mare all night. Nothing happened.

We proceeded west to where the city of Billings now stands and began work on the location of a line from there west. We located the line to the next crossing of the Yellowstone River from 70 to 75 miles west, then the work closed down for the season.

Three others of our party and I took a contract from Col. Clough to take out ties and piles that winter and we

bought one of the ox teams that we had been using during the summer. We worked at this all winter. On Christmas Eve, the roof of our large shack broke in. Fortunately we all slept along the walls in single beds and the roof tipped towards the centre and left us all imprisoned for a few minutes until we could clamber out. But our preparations for Christmas dinner were spoiled and we spent the day recovering the shack.

In the spring of 1882 I went down to where Billings now stands, where the engineers had headquarters under Col. Pike. I settled up with the company and bought a team and a buckboard and started on the first of April from there to drive through to Edmonton. I had heard something of the Edmonton country from my brother and quite a bit from Liver-Eating Johnston who was town marshal of the town of Coulson, Montana, where I lived for a while. According to this gentleman, who said he had been over the border, Whoop-Up was one of the most important places in Alberta. It was a stockaded trading post for the whiskey traders and got its name from the fact that the Indians had whooped it up once with the traders corraled inside.

The night before I left Coulson, there had been a murder in a gambling saloon there. The morning I left the Deputy U.S. Marshall, an old trapper named Muggins Taylor and a wholesale liquor agent came up to Col. Pike's headquarters to wire a description of the murderer to adjacent points. To show the state of society at that time all three of these men met with violent deaths that summer.

The first night I camped on the Painted Robe. From there on I crossed the Musselshell and continued along the Little Snowies and camped one night on the Swimming Woman Creek. I pushed out past the point of the Little Snowies and saw a cabin on the point of the mountain with four cougars, stuffed with straw, one on each corner of it. From there I continued north and crossed the Judith River where a great many half-breeds from Canada had settled, among them Louis Riel. I continued on north towards Fort Benton. Before I got there I came to Willow Creek which was at the bottom of a very steep hill. I walked down it and saw at the bottom a lot of trees that had been dragged down so taking the hint I tied a tree behind the buckboard to act as a brake on the hill.

Finally I arrived at Fort Benton. A great snow storm came up and delayed me nine days and there I became acquainted with a Canadian harness maker named Sullivan who had a partner named Healy. This John Healy was the sheriff there and had just returned from a trip to the Canadian half-breeds who had crossed the Montana boundary after the buffalo. He had had a deputy with him and an interpreter named Billy Jackson. When they came up with the half-breeds they were taken prisoner by the latter and held until they had got back across the Canadian boundary.

I pulled out from Benton in due time, crossed the Teton River, and went on to the Marais River where Joe Kipp lived. He had been connected with the southern part of Alberta before that.

It was there I came across a big bull outfit belonging to I. G. Baker and heading for Macleod. I overtook them on the Marias Flats. They were making about 4 miles a day. They had about 10 or 12 yoke of bulls on one team with three wagons called the head, swing and trail wagons. The roads were so bad they could only move one wagon at a time. I continued on from there up to the Milk River, which was in flood and too deep to ford. There was no wood on my side. I had to stay there for two days and burnt buffalo chips. I finally got across the river and from the Milk River Ridge on this side, I got a magnificent view of the mountains. I crossed the St. Mary's River at Whoop-Up and touched in succession near the historic Standoff and Slide Out. Among the party that had started Slide Out, my friend Liver-Eating Johnson (it was said he had killed an Indian and eaten his liver). I finally reached Macleod and reported to the police under the command of Capt. Cotton who had there

Fort Benton was the head of navigation on the Missouri River for the goods being shipped to western Canada. The author passed through the town about the same year this picture was taken.

and an inspector named Dickens, son of Chas. Dickens.

From Macleod I followed Willow Creek north. The only place in sight between us and High River was Capt. Winder's ranch in the Porcupine Hills. There were only three settlers near High River at that time. Fred Stimson was one of them and a pair of ex-traders called "Smithy" and "Smoothy" were the other two.

I camped overnight at Fish Creek, eight miles below Calgary where there was an old Irishman named John Glenn who had a farm and had taken out an irrigation ditch, probably the first one in the province. He rode into Calgary with me the next day. We left the trail opposite where the cemetery is now and he took me up to the crest of the hill to view the valley. It was a beautiful sight. The whole valley was green and a single shack stood away up the valley. I. G. Baker had a store just over the Elbow near the site of the later C.P.R. shops. There was a small Mounted Police barracks stand. Capt. French, afterwards killed at Batoche, was in command. The Hudson's Bay Co. had a post near the mouth of the Elbow and on the east side. The Cochrane people had their ranch about twenty miles west of Calgary at this time.

I met one of the Cochrane cowboys named Buckskin Shorty, who told me that the grass was burnt between the Bow River and the Red Deer River but if I would go with him to where he had saved some grass I could stay the night and he would show me the way to Edmonton. I stayed with him all night in his teepee at the spring where the Collicut Hereford Ranch was later located. In the morning he pointed the direction for me to take to hit the trail.

Sam Scarlett had settled on the Service Berry Creek when I came through. The trail ran along near the edge of the timber opposite where Innisfail now is. I crossed the Red Deer about three miles above where the town of Red

Deer now stands. The river was high and I had to turn once or twice before I got a suitable crossing. The geese were very thick on the river. I finally got across and met Father Leduc who was travelling up the river and I enjoyed the hospitality of his camp. He had some fine bread baked by the sisters of the St. Albert convent. He was on the road to Benton and had a young half-breed, now Father Cunningham, and was taking him east to be educated. I then came to an Indian settlement on Battle River where I understood there was a Methodist missionary, who turned out to be the Rev. E. B. Glass who had come out the year before. I went on past where Wetaskiwin is now. At the Big Stone Creek there was a government farm in the charge of a man named Sam Lucas. I kept on till I came to within three miles of Edmonton. It was evening and I did not want to go in in the dark so I camped for the night and after supper went over to a camp near by where a freighting outfit under one McKay was camped. I asked him if he knew my brother. He said,

"He has gone under."

He had been buried three days. I crossed John Walter's ferry on the Saskatchewan and went to Donald Ross' hotel below the hill. He had a log building with a pool room and about sixteen beds in an upper room. I stayed there all night. I learned that my brother had bought a half-breed out on the Strathcona side. I took possession of this place. There were about four or five houses in Strathcona, belonging to John Walter, Joe McDonald, Jim and Bob McKenna and Timber Tom.

At that time there were a few people permanently settled in Edmonton. Among them were Mat McCauley, Alex Taylor, A. D. Osborne, Kenny McLeod, John Cameron, Geo. Sandison, Jim Brewster, Joe Bannerman, Frank Oliver, Jim Ross, Donald Ross, Mose McDougall, Ed Looley and a few others, and Jim Gibbons was up on the flats.

Frank Oliver had a log shack and a printing office on the later site of the Bulletin. The issue of the Bulletin after my arrival contained an account of the illness and death of my brother.

North and west of Edmonton there were few settlers. There were a few French-Canadians out towards St. Albert and Alf and Tom Hutchings and a few others between here and the Sturgeon. Twenty miles north of here there were no white people except missionaries, Hudson's Bay agents and a few traders.

My father came up from Winnipeg that summer. I cleared and broke up some of the land at Strathcona and in the fall we left for the C.P.R. end of the track, which was at Maple Creek at that time. Before we left Edmonton, in the first week of October, it snowed all week until there was about two feet of snow on the level.

At Red Deer there was a settler named Bob McLellan and my father liked the country so well he stayed till spring; but I went on. Ad McPherson caught up to me at Red Deer. He had a cart with him but left it and drove with me. In the meantime the snow had frozen so we were able to drive from Red Deer to Calgary on the crust of the frozen snow with a team and buckboard. Between Gleichen and Medicine Hat we met a party of the C.P.R. locating the line of the railway. The man in charge was Matthew Neilson, who had left the common school just when I started. We continued on to Medicine Hat, crossed on a ferry there and McPherson said, "I have been in every place in the north-west except Fort Walsh. Let's go in there."

So we went by way of Fort Walsh. The police were still there. There were two thousand Indians camped on the hills and two or three old timers there who knew Ad and they gave a dance in his honour that night. We stayed there one night and came out at Maple Creek and on down to Rush Lake. I took the train from there to Winnipeg. Ad was to take my team back to Edmonton.

I stayed in Winnipeg all winter and in the spring of 1883, I bought a team of horses, a wagon, a John Deere walking plough, a set of harrows, a McCormick mower and rake which I shipped to Swift Current, unloaded and started to trek to Edmonton. While at Swift Current I bought the head of one of

the last buffalo that was killed in the North-West and sent it down to Jim Ross to keep till I came back. I started for Edmonton on an old pemmican trail and came to the forks of the Red Deer and Saskatchewan where there was a half-breed settlement; I crossed with a skiff and I saw my buckboard standing in front of a shack there and the harness inside. Dan Maloney was with me. We each bought a pony and I continued on to Todd's crossing at the Battle River, 12 miles below Wetaskiwin.

I got back to Edmonton and put in a little crop and exhibited vegetables at the fair that fall, 1883. I got word from my father that he had got a stock of groceries on a bad debt in Winnipeg and had brought them to Calgary. I went down there in the fall and got in contact with a Scotch miner who said there was coal on Fish Creek about twenty-five miles out so he started mining and I started hauling and sold nine loads to the police, the first coal sold in Calgary. There was wheeling all winter and I spent the winter hauling coal.

I went back to Edmonton in the spring. I was disgusted with the Edmonton country because everything was frozen up. The crop had been frozen the year before and the bread made from it was black. Strathcona had been surveyed and my name appears on the first map that was made of the survey over there. I had the privilege of homesteading my place but I did not want it so I sold it to John Walter, the ferryman at Edmonton at that time. The South Side Park is in front of that place. I sold it for $150 and pulled for the mountains, the C.P.R. track having the summer before got to the Kicking Horse Lake. I had a companion named Joe Hetherington. He had come to Winnipeg with the Wolseley expedition. There were two other men with us. We had a pack outfit and shovels and picks, etc., to go gold mining and rode through Golden. At one place the pack trail was 800 feet above the Kicking Horse River. We got to Golden and camped there just below where the town is now; we were camped by some little lakes where we could hear the beavers working. A man came along wanting some boat builders to freight stuff between Golden and Donald. He represented a Colorado company. Our two companions went to build boats so I took to packing on the pack trail and put in the summer at that. In the winter I sent my horses up above where Windermere is now to a man named Armstrong. I had a cousin at Laggan who wanted to go East and I took his stuff and got the privilege of taking it down to Beaver on the railway. I paid $136 for transporting half a ton over 56 miles of track. I packed it out to the Beaver where I built a shack. The track got there that winter. I used the cases for counters and shelves and slept on the floor in the middle of the room. One night I was asleep and the door opened and in came some ten-gallon kegs of whiskey. I found out the next day that the fellow who was hauling the stuff thought the police were after him and knew I would not say anything so he left it there. I piled it up and the man came for it the next night.

I sold my outfit of goods and the next spring I got my horses from Armstrong and started packing from there to Revelstoke. The police were stationed at the Beaver under Col. Steele, and I had a trip for a man named Costello, the father of Dr. Costello of Calgary, to pack his outfit of men's clothing from the Beaver to Revelstoke.

On this trip one of my ponies slipped over the edge of the mountain but I went down and found him against a log on the edge of the river alive and not hurt. I took him back to the trail and went on.

One night we camped on the summit of the Selkirks where Don Mann, later Sir Donald Mann, had a store house. A snow slide had come down and broken it up and shoved his supplies up on the side of the mountain and I let my horses feed on his oats and hay. From there we went on down the Illiciliwaet. A man named Farwell owned the townsite where Revelstoke is now.

On the return trip from Farwell I crossed the Illiciliwaet on July 12th, 1885, on a snow and ice bridge. A snow slide had come down, filled the river and washed a way through it, leaving an ice-snow bridge over which loaded

wagons were crossing. The same day I crossed the summit of the Selkirks going east. There was about sixty feet of ice and snow on the summit where we crossed that had been occasioned by a slide and I was pelting the pack train along with snowballs.

After returning to Beaver I concluded to leave the mountains, so I came out to Calgary and started for Lac La Biche, where the scrip commission was to sit to issue scrip to the half-breeds. This scrip was good for 240 acres of land and there was a great deal of speculation in it. The Scrip Commission had to sit at Edmonton before they could get to Lac La Biche and they had to be there a long time, so I moved leisurely from where Wetaskiwin now is to Victoria on the Saskatchewan. I drifted along with a party of half-breeds. It was the moulting season for ducks and every evening the women would go out with the dogs and come back loaded down with ducks, as the latter couldn't fly. These ducks constituted a large proportion of our food on the trip. When I arrived at Lac La Biche I had a bunch of horses which I sold and with the money from them I bought a scrip. We remained about six weeks at Lac La Biche. When the work of the scrip commission was over I returned to Calgary.

I remained at Morley for the winter of 1885-86 and in the spring went up to Buffalo Lakes looking for a place to start trading. I selected a point on the Spotted Creek, about a mile from where it flows into the Buffalo Lake. This was a favorite place in the spring for the Indians to meet after their winter's fur hunt. They killed and dried great numbers of jackfish and suckers in this creek and consumed large quantities of gull eggs which they got in Spotted Lake. This lake is all dotted with rushes and when viewed from an elevation it has a spotted appearance. I have eaten many gull eggs myself and used to make custards from them. The eggs were a little strong but not bad. Thousands of gulls nested there annually and in the morning you would be wakened by the noise they made. When settlers came in they robbed the gulls' eggs so much that the gulls left it completely. The last time I was there there wasn't a gull to be seen or heard.

I remained at Spotted Creek trading with the Indians until 1896 when I sold out and went to Lac La Biche to prepare the voters' list for the coming Dominion election. At that time there was only one constituency in Alberta. Frank Oliver was the Liberal candidate in the election and Lieut. Cochrane, R.N., was the Conservative. Oliver was elected. This was his first election to the Federal House.

On my return to Edmonton from Lac La Biche I made up my mind to take a trip down the Mackenzie River as I was interested in the fur trade down there. An Englishman named Charles Mott wanted to come along so he put some money into the venture. We bought an outfit of trading goods in Edmonton and waggoned them to Athabasca Landing, where we bought a boat called the Sturgeon Head, 45 feet in length and eight-foot beam. We had between eight and ten tons of cargo. We hired a man named William Houle, a half-breed, as pilot down the Athabasca River. Another boat accompanied us, consisting of three men whom I had known at Lacombe, which was 30 miles west of Spotted Lake. One of these men, Frank Mobley, came out in the winter on snow shoes from High River along with the Rev. T. J. (Tom) Marsh, who became my brother-in-law ten years later. Mobley afterwards went to Atlin Lake in northern British Columbia and became Member of the legislature for this most northerly constituency of the province. He died at Victoria of pyrrhoea during one of the sessions. In the other boat was a man named Jack who was a prince to travel with. He was a blacksmith and wood worker by trade, personifying good nature and was an exceedingly valuable man to have with a party if anything broke down.

We reached the Grand Rapids, 160 miles down the Athabasca from the Landing and stopped on an island. The Hudson's Bay Co. had a push-car tramway on this island so we moved our cargo to the lower end of it. In the meantime our boat had been let down on the east side to the foot of the island,

Storage sheds dominated the landscape at Athabasca Landing during its period as a terminus on the water route to the north. This view, in 1899, shows a few buildings, with the Anglican church second from the right.

where she was reloaded, and we started for McMurray. There were 70 miles of rapids and swift water. We came one night to the head of what is known as the Boiler Rapids, so-called because a steamboat boiler that the Hudson's Bay Co. was taking north was lost in these rapids. Camped there also that night were two Hudson's Bay boats and another belonging to Peter Loutit, who was his own steersman. In the morning the two Hudson's Bay boats piled up on the rock. Peter Loutit pulled out next and he lost his sweep but got through without breaking his boat. Our men pulled out around the outfit and we got through all right. We immediately landed when we got through the rapids and went back to help those other boats. We pulled them ashore, the cargo was removed and the boats were repaired and reloaded. Everything was wet through.

Another bad place on the river was the Big Cascade. This is where we had to let the boat down by rope and just over the Cascade there was an iron ring in the rock. The boat was supposed to be tied to this iron ring and the cargo packed just past the Cascade. Of course, we were green at this. Our steersman was congratulating us on the good run we had made around this point, but he neglected to tie our boat to the ring. Mobley and Billy McLeod, our interpreter, were in the boat. First thing we noticed our boat had moved out to the falls and we couldn't get her back and she went over the Cascade sideways. The undertow below the fall drew her back until she was up against the fall. The sweep was caught by the fall and hit Mobley, throwing him overboard between the boat and the fall. He came up and fortunately was able to fold his arms over the gunwhale but the fall of the water was striking his back and he said it was like Niagara. We still had the rope we had used to line her down to the head of the Cascade and of course, we began pulling on this rope. It apparently got caught once on one of the rowlocks and when it slipped off we thought the thing had broken but finally the line got taut again and we pulled them out. There was no harm done particularly, but it was very exciting and very dangerous.

We continued on from McMurray down to Fort Chipewyan, going around

Goose Island. We went out through Stony River to the Great Slave River and the current of this river was in our favour. At another time when the Peace was higher than Lake Athabasca I came through this river when there was a reverse current.

We arrived at Smith's Landing, now Fitzgerald. Here we engaged a pilot for what is known as the Smith Rapids. This pilot was "Susie" Beaulieu. We also hired twenty half-breeds and Indians to work on the four portages that were between Smith's Landing and Fort Smith. One of these portages is a mile and a quarter long. On all the portages our boats had to be pulled by main strength and awkwardness across the portage and the goods packed on the men's backs. We crossed the Slave River between two big falls just above the last portage, that is, the Mountain Portage, which rises 160 feet above the river. We all packed on this portage. I picked my own pack. A 28-pound caddy of tobacco, to which the pack strap was attached, was placed on my back with the strap on the forehead, and 100 pounds of flour thrown between the back of my neck and the caddy of tobacco. At Mountain Portage I undertook to pack four bear traps, which are a very awkward load, and going down on the other side my neck got a kink. I had to get rid of my pack and have never packed since.

Just above Fort Smith there are a large number of rocky islets. On these islets the pelicans nest. This is probably the largest nesting place of pelicans in the north. In the channels between the islets there are numerous small fish on which the pelicans live. The eggs are laid on the bare rock, without nests. I have never eaten pelican eggs and do not think I would, although they say that the eggs of all birds are fit for food.

Below Fort Smith we called at the mouth of the Salt River, where some half-breeds were camped who had salt for sale from the salt springs. This salt is coarse and is quite pure. I showed a sample of it to the Dominion Minister of Public Works who said it was a remarkably fine salt.

We finally got down to the mouth of the Slave River where it empties into Slave Lake, with a very strong wind blowing over the land and from there to the snye which is a short cut into Fort Resolution. We had to row from here to keep from blowing out to sea. I remember I broke one of those big sweeps rowing.

We arrived at Fort Resolution and were welcomed by Ed Nagle, of the firm of Hyslop and Nagle. I had known Hyslop in '77 and '78 when he was acting as Assistant Engineer on the construction of the Pembina Branch between Emerson and St. Boniface. Nagle invited both crews to dinner that night and we had new potatoes and cariboo tongue, which is the most delicious meat I ever ate. These cariboo tongues were traded for at Fort Rae, across the Great Slave Lake. Mr. Camsell who was then in charge of the Mackenzie District for the Hudson's Bay Co., and lived at Fort Simpson, told me that when he first went to the Mackenzie they had traded as many as 7,000 cariboo tongues.

It was now September, 1896. We pulled out of Resolution with a nice breeze and got out some distance when it turned out to be a gale. We had to keel on our boat and were in danger of being swept against the rocks. However, we escaped the rocks and reached Green Island where we remained for a day. On this island there was every kind of wild fruit grown in the north country; cherries, raspberries, strawberries, gooseberries, dewberries, currants, etc. We pulled away from Green Island and landed on another island some distance from there, where the partridges were as thick as hens around some barnyards. Leaving that island we coasted along the south shore of Great Slave Lake. We spent one night at a little harbour beyond what was called Dead Man's Island, now called Pine Point. There had been a fight there a long time ago between natives and a large number of men were killed, so that was the reason it got the name Dead Man's Island.

We continued along the south shore to Sulphur Point. Our interpreter, Billy McLeod, was steering and there was a

big sea on, though not a choppy one. He kept hugging the shore too closely so I advised him to keep out from it because our rudder stuck below the keel and might be torn off if it touched the ground. This happened and we drifted away into Buffalo Bay. We got some kind of a steering apparatus rigged up but we could not make it past the next point, which is Sandy Point, on account of the wind blowing us to shore. We had two cases of the old sulphur matches and a Peterborough canoe along with us, so I launched this canoe and put the two boxes of matches in it and went ashore followed closely by the big boat, which struck a sand bar and the crew simply jumped off on to the sand bar and lifted on the boat and she cleared the bar and landed on the mainland inside the bar. It was quite cool and there is probably more driftwood piled along the south shore of Great Slave Lake than any place I ever had knowledge of, so we built a large fire and we had a 5-gallon keg of rum which had never been touched and it was tapped as we were all wet to the neck and cold. Pack called this keg, "the keg of conversation" because everybody started quite a conversation around this big fire we had.

We made three attempts to get away from that place. We built a raft on the bar outside and took some of the goods of this boat and put them on the raft so as to lighten the boat over the bar. We succeeded on our third attempt and got away and we went a short distance to Sandy Creek, which is a splendid fishing place and stayed there for a day fishing with fish nets. I saw by the map we had with us that we were about seven miles from the mouth of Hay River, so Frank Mobley and I walked along the shore to the settlement. We emerged from the timber at the back of the Anglican Mission, and a half-breed girl who was at the Mission saw us and ran for dear life because at that time they did not see any more than three or four strangers all year. The Indians there were strong believers in the weetigo and she may have thought we were spirits. The girl ran in to tell Miss Marsh, afterwards my wife, and Miss Timms and Rev. Tom Marsh, who came out and welcomed us in, weetigo or no weetigo, and that was where I first met my future wife. We were windbound there for eleven days and had a very good time. We finally got away and crossed the lake from Hay River Post and Desmarais Islands, to where the Mackenzie River leaves the lake. This was about the first of October. I can remember it was a beautiful day.

We passed Fort Providence, crossed what is now called Mills Lake and came to the "Head of the Line". Just below that we saw a moose on the shore and McLeod went out with the canoe but did not get any moose. This would be about the third or fourth of October. We

The Anglican church was one of the main buildings in Hay River for many years. Even by 1930, when this photo was taken, the settlement was still an isolated northern outpost.

had a slight snowfall just before this and it was pretty cold, with quite a fog on the river. Anyway, just below the Head of the Line we tied our boat up and crawled under the canvas leaving nobody on watch. That night we drifted about sixty miles to Fort Simpson. When we awakened we were just nearly opposite the Gros Cap in the V-formed by the junction of the Liard and the Mackenzie. We pulled in to land at Fort Simpson. Mr. Camsell in charge of the Mackenzie District asked us to the "Big House" and regaled us with some good coffee and solid refreshments. Our original intention was to go to Fort Liard for the winter but hearing reports of low water and difficult navigation on the Liard and also hearing of a good fur catch the previous winter at Wrigley we changed our minds and decided to go there.

We pulled out from Simpson and the first night thought we would drift but when we wakened up in the morning we were lined up against an island where we had remained until wakened in the morning. We had just passed Fort Wrigley Post about a quarter of a mile and pulled from there and saw there was sufficient timber to build with and when we tore the moss away we struck the eternal ice. We built a shack for the three of us, that is, Mott, McLeod and myself. McLeod afterwards went up the South Nahanni River with his brother Frank and another white man and they died up there about the time of the Klondike rush. Their bones were found later.

In the shack we built a mud fireplace. We took three ladders, one for the back and one for each side, and got grass and mixed it up in the soft mud and hung this grass over the rungs of the ladders so that they reached down to the next rung. Afterwards the whole was smoothed off with a finishing coat of mud. We had to move all the timber and logs by hand. A fourth man on our party was John Burke, who was picked up in Edmonton. He was a splendid character; honest, never tiring, and never out of humour. He worked his passage with us. Burke spent the winter about seven miles below our camp.

The Indians had had some misunderstanding that spring with Tim Gaudet, who was in charge for the Hudson's Bay at Fort Wrigley. He had for a clerk a young East Indian man named Harding, son of a British Army officer, a very fine character and a good singer. Our fall fur trade had not amounted to much and no number of Indians came in until nearly New Year's and then they were starving. Some time before Christmas we dispatched McLeod out into the mountains west of the Mackenzie River to visit some Indians who were out there. They were the ones who had left in a huff that year from the Hudson's Bay Post at Wrigley without any ammunition. It was usual for the Company to give them free ammunition in the spring. On account of this dispute they went away without it and when McLeod got to them they had all kinds of meat—moose, bear, bighorn sheep, and lots of dried meat, which they had snared. When he came back three of these Indians accompanied him and they brought 600 pounds worth of fur, two dog sled loads of dried meat and a number of bladders of bear grease. All this food had been collected without any firearms. They stayed with us a couple of nights and they had no articles of European dress on them. They had moccasins, socks and shirts of rabbits' skin (the skins had been cut in strips and woven together to make these garments), goatskin leggings with the fur on the outside, goatskin jacket with a capote to it, rabbitskin mufflers and of course, mooseskin mitts.

These Indians were the lousiest men we ever met. I saw one take the vermin off another and crack them in his teeth.

The Hudson's Bay and the traders allowed no stoves in their houses where they did their trading for fear of fire, because they got only one outfit a year and if that burnt up the year's trading was gone.

All travelling was done by moonlight or starlight. The stars just filled the sky. The reason for this was that they had to have the daylight for making camp and they did not do any chopping except in daylight for fear of accidents.

I sold out my interest to my partner, Mott, on New Year's for what fur we had, he keeping the rest of the outfit. I then went down to spend the winter with Burke, who was living in a deserted Indian shack on the back of the river. This shack had a fireplace in it but there were several holes in the wall and the weather was severe, as Mackenzie winters are. I carried water up from the river and spattered it all over the shack and sealed it up air tight and we were as snug as the proverbial bug in a rug.

I used to take a run around Burke's trap line for exercise. I started out one morning for about a 10-mile run on this line and as I went down along the river for a distance I saw something black where he had a trap set. I thought it was a black fox, but when I came closer I saw it was a wolverine. Of course when I got close to this wolverine it started to run. I had nothing but an axe with me and I ran that wolverine for about three miles. When I rested it rested and when I ran it ran. He played me out and I had to let him go. If you take a wolverine fur to an Eskimo you get a good price for it, as he uses it for trimming. The breath does not freeze on this fur.

In March Burke and I broke camp and we moved up to Wrigley and camped out and built a skiff to come out with. We whipsawed lumber to make a medium-sized clinker-built skiff and we used small spruce for ribs for it and very few nails could be got so we broke up all the boxes we could find to get the nails out of them.

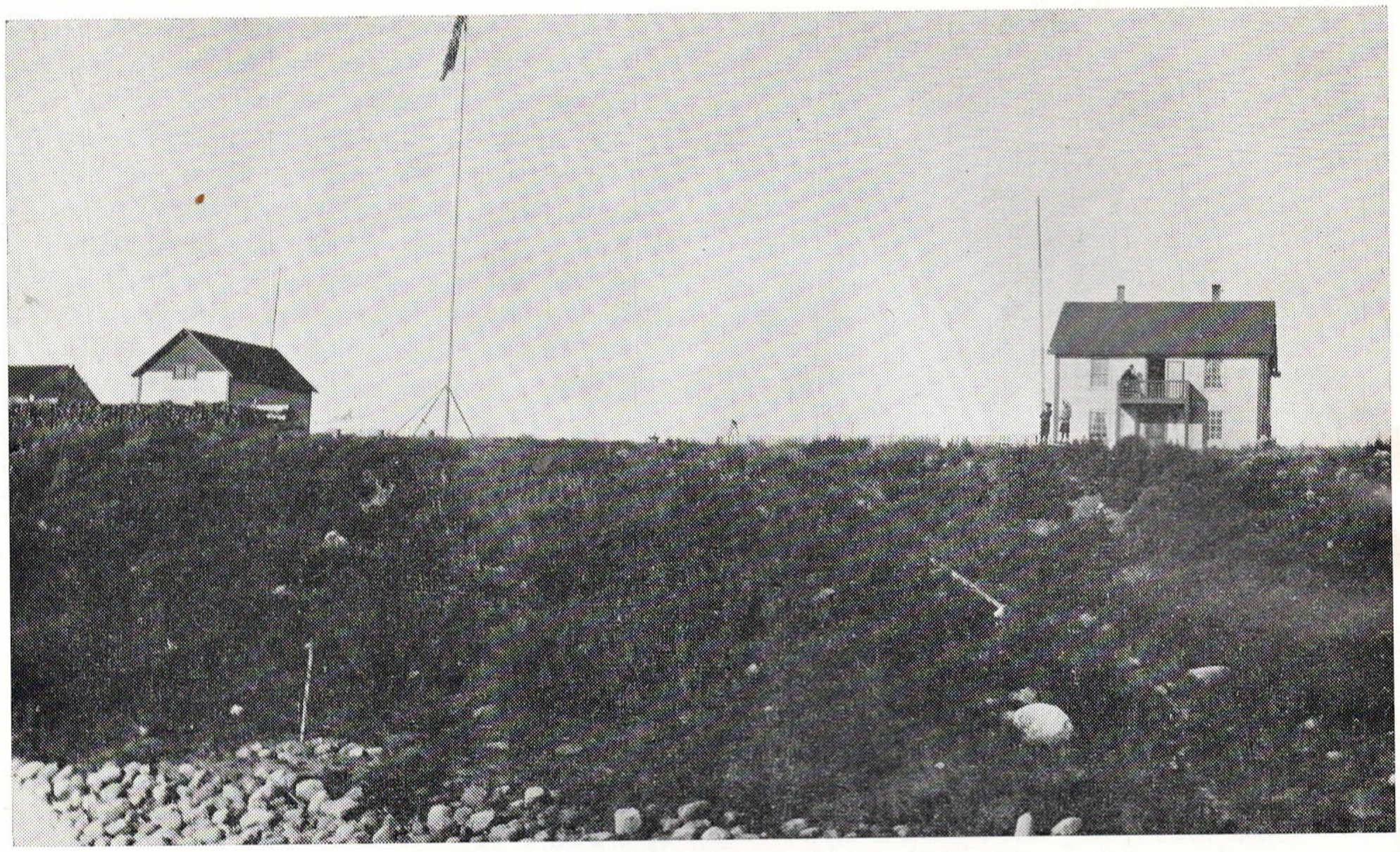
Between 12 o'clock and 1 o'clock at night Harding came to our camp and marked out the letters for a name for the boat by natural light. We called our boat "The Wrigley".

The Mackenzie River had closed the 19th of November in 1896 and broke up on the 23rd of May '97. Burke and I started on the 7th June from Wrigley to go to Athabasca Landing. At old Fort Wrigley I saw the Liard drift passing for three days and three nights. It was a continuous string of trees running in the middle of the river. The water was lower there than on the sides.

David Hanbury came to Wrigley when we were there in March intending to cross the Mountains to the Yukon just for pleasure. He got out about eighty miles and could not get any further so he returned to Wrigley. I had an uncle in the east who was a manufacturer of clothing and I knew that when Burke and I got to Edmonton we would be pretty ragged and would need some clothes. A tailor in Eastern Ontario had my measurement, where a cousin of mine lived. I sent a letter by Hanbury to this cousin to have a suit of clothes for me also giving him Burke's measurements and asked him to send the two suits out to Edmonton so they would be there when we reached Edmonton the next fall. Hanbury went up the Liard as far as he could on the ice and got to Fort Liard when the ice broke up. He had come in that way by canoeing from Dease Lake. He went out by Dease Lake and down the Stikine to the Pacific where he probably mailed my letter to my cousin in the east and when I got to Edmonton they told me at the hotel there were clothes for me.

We started on the 7th of June from Wrigley for Athabasca Landing with this skiff, one on the skiff and one on shore tracking, hour about. The next morning we got up and got ready to start and a wind came up and it rained, so we just stuck to that boat for grim death until we were nearly perished with the cold, as we were making such good time. We must have gone 75 miles that day up stream. We passed around the Big Bend opposite Camsell Mountain at the mouth of the North Nahanni. Between there and Simpson we were held up over a day with ice coming down and we reached Simpson. We were there on a Sunday. I remember I had dinner with a priest. I had a drink of very good raisin wine.

Trading was done in the skin way in the North. Print was a skin a yard. A marten skin was three skins so a woman could buy three yards of print for a marten skin; a silver fox at that time was worth 15 skins. Bishop Grouard told me he got a black fox at Providence the first winter he was in that country trading it for 10 pounds of grease, pre-



Some of the H.B. Co. buildings at Wrigley are seen from the Mackenzie River. The large building at left is the home of Tom Gaudette, who was in charge of the post, and who was met by the author.

sumably bear's grease. Skins of the black foxes at that time were valuable. The Russian nobility used these foxes and that was the great market at that time for them.

We left Simpson and we pulled for Fort Providence, 175 miles, and came to a fish net in the Mackenzie River. We used to help ourselves to a fish. Another discreditable thing we did was as follows: One day we ran out of tobacco. The Indians always left tobacco at the graves for the spirits and we helped ourselves to the tobacco. We knew the spirits wouldn't use it and we could. We arrived at Providence and Jack was trapping away around in one of the bays of Great Bear Lake. When he came he had made up his mind he wasn't coming out that year.

I visited the Roman Catholic Church at Providence. There were some nuns doing some painting inside and there was a priest supervising them but these women never looked around once, although strangers were rare there. We lived on potatoes, green transplanted wild onions, blue fish, also called Arctic trout, or Back's grayling, which has an immense fin on its back which can sometimes be seen protruding from the water. They are splendid sport angling. We visited a camp at Cedar Lake, an expansion of the Mackenzie and there were a couple of lay brothers there and nuns too who were fishing for jack fish. Their nets were meshed so that they would not catch anything under 10 pounds. They were getting about 1,000 pounds per day.

Miss Timms married a Klondiker named Johnson who was then connected with the Anglican Mission. Bishop Stringer and he were once travelling from McPherson to Bell River when they ran out of food and almost starved to death, having to eat their moccasins. Stringer, who is a large man, lost 50 pounds.

We finally reached Hay River again, spent four days there and from there coasted along to Resolution. Miss March was very ill during the winter and there were no other white people within 80 miles except Miss Timms. If she died she knew that Miss Timms would have to make her coffin and dig her grave or else put her in cold storage until

the spring, so she had an oblong box made by an old Indian to serve as a coffin. Miss Timms remarked it was big enough for two of them. The Indian who made it, also made a violin which I still have in my possession. It was played on at Hay River for years. The body was made of spruce, the neck and the case were of birch. It was glued together with glue made from fish skins. Miss Timms, who married Johnson, has a son who was said to be the tallest man in the British Navy during the Great War.

I remained at Providence a week waiting for Hyslop the trader from Fort Rae to come. While waiting there Nagle took me upstairs and asked me to have a drink and opened a perfume bottle, but I declined with thanks.

When we were coming down we were camped at Fort Resolution on the shore in September. This fall Jack was short of bedding and I lent him an old buffalo coat. The dogs pulled this coat off him and ate it up, leaving nothing but a few little shreds. Hyslop finally hove into sight. We pulled out for Fort Smith and were very fortunate for we were favoured with a good wind and were able to go along a good distance with a sail. We arrived at Fort Smith all right and were able to get somebody with an ox cart to take our outfit across the portage to Fitzgerald. I walked from the portage at night with Susie Beaulieu, who had been our pilot through the Smith Rapids the year before, and he stopped every now and then to build a smudge. I had a narrow leather belt around me and when I killed the mosquitoes on my neck they rolled inside and stuck around my belt. I must have taken a pint of mosquitoes out of there.

We left Chipewyan and the next stop was at Fort McMurray, 200 miles up the Athabasca. We had an uneventful trip from McMurray to the head of the Grand Rapids.

Rev. Marsh had left a cache for me at the head of the Grande Rapids in an empty shack and it was found to be intact. From there we pulled on past House River to the Pelican Rapids where the Dominion Government had a party drilling for whatever they could find, presumably oil. In the morning we were repairing our boat to start for Athabasca Landing on the last lap of our trip from Wrigley, about 12 miles below Athabasca Landing, when there was an explosion over at the well and there was a great eruption of gas. This explosion was heard three miles away. We went over to see what was up and there was light oil spattered on the derrick. The man in charge put his finger on that and said, "That's what we're after."

We reached Athabasca Landing on the 9th of September, having left Wrigley on the 7th of June.

HORSEBACK RIDING

The first thing that strikes the visitor to our town next to the scenery is the general indulgence of the citizens in the healthful and enjoyable recreation of horseback riding. We think we are safe in saying there is more riding done in Calgary than any other place in Canada, not excepting the cities, and the reason is not far to seek. A very good saddle horse can be bought at from $70 up and the keep is a mere bagatelle. Persons known as herdsmen make a business of pasturing horses on the ranges of luxuriant grass which surround us on every side. They keep a watch on the band night and day and bring any particular horse in whenever required, for which they charge only $3 per month. By this arrangement all the drudgery of grooming, watering, etc., is done away with and the temptation to possess a source of pleasure to which so little expense and trouble is connected is one which few can resist. As a consequence, almost everybody is the happy owner of a horse. Even the Indian sports his cayuse. In addition to those who ride for pleasure, we have one hundred Mounted Police and from thirty to fifty cowboys, whose business it is to ride and who may be said to live in the saddle.

—Calgary Herald, June 25, 1884

Caroline
via the Mule Express

by

E. ROY ORCUTT

After four years of grasshoppers and no rain in Montana, my Dad decided to move his family to Alberta. That sunny day in October, 1914, Dad hitched the mules Jenny and Molly to the lumber wagon that he had loaded with oats, bedding, grub box, water bag and a rifle. I bridled and saddled Jimmy, the pony, ready to ride. Tom and I being the oldest boys were going with our Dad to Lethbridge, where we would meet Mother, my sister Mildred, and two younger boys, Del and Don, who were going on the train.

Kissing Mother goodbye, we left our home east of Conrad and travelled north, parallel to the old Whoop-Up Trail. The old buffalo trails were still visible in the coulees leading down to the ford on the Marias River. We also noticed a few buffalo wallows and circles of rocks. Dad said the Indians had pitched their tepees there many years ago.

But mile after mile as we headed north toward the Sweetgrass Hills all we saw was sage brush, prairie dogs or some falcon hawk writing circles in the azure sky, looking for a sleepy rabbit.

The trail, like a cow path, meandered over the prairie. Near nightfall, as we drove up to a tarpaper shack, the homesteaders greeted us and said that we could stay overnight. They lived miles from nowhere and seemed glad to see us. In the morning the teenaged son cooked us some hot cakes that were as small as a cup. It took a lot of them to fill the hungry void down below.

That evening we crossed the International Boundary at Sweetgrass, 70 miles from our tarpaper shack on the prairie. We slept in a livery barn at Coutts, Alberta, where we stayed 24 hours to have our livestock vaccinated for glanders. The test was O.K., so the immigration officers allowed us to proceed on our journey.

After leaving Coutts, I rode Jimmy again. I was thirteen and Tom only nine, so he didn't ride our pony very much. We crossed the Milk River and late that night put our animals in the livery stable at Stirling. Dad rolled our blankets out on a pile of soft hay and soon the pungent odor of horses faded away as we fell asleep. We were up early and ate our breakfast at a Chinese cafe. In the afternoon we drove into Lethbridge where Mother, Mildred, Del and Don joined our company in the uncovered wagon. Mother had purchased winter clothing from the Hudson's Bay store and Dad bought camping equipment, axes, and more blankets, for which we were glad, as Alberta's beautiful Indian summer couldn't last much longer.

We loaded up our supplies, crossed the Belly River, watered our animals and camped for the night. Mother dished us out some food that was a real treat after eating Dad's sardines, dried crackers and cheese washed down with water from a dusty water bag.

We were away early that morning. The mules were like gun-powder; it only took a spark to set them off. Jenny and Molly were crossbred from broncho mares and a jack in Montana. I often wondered where they got their stamina; they were tough as steel and we drove them on the trot from 40 to 50 miles a day.

Carmangay was our next stop, we camped near the Little Bow River where

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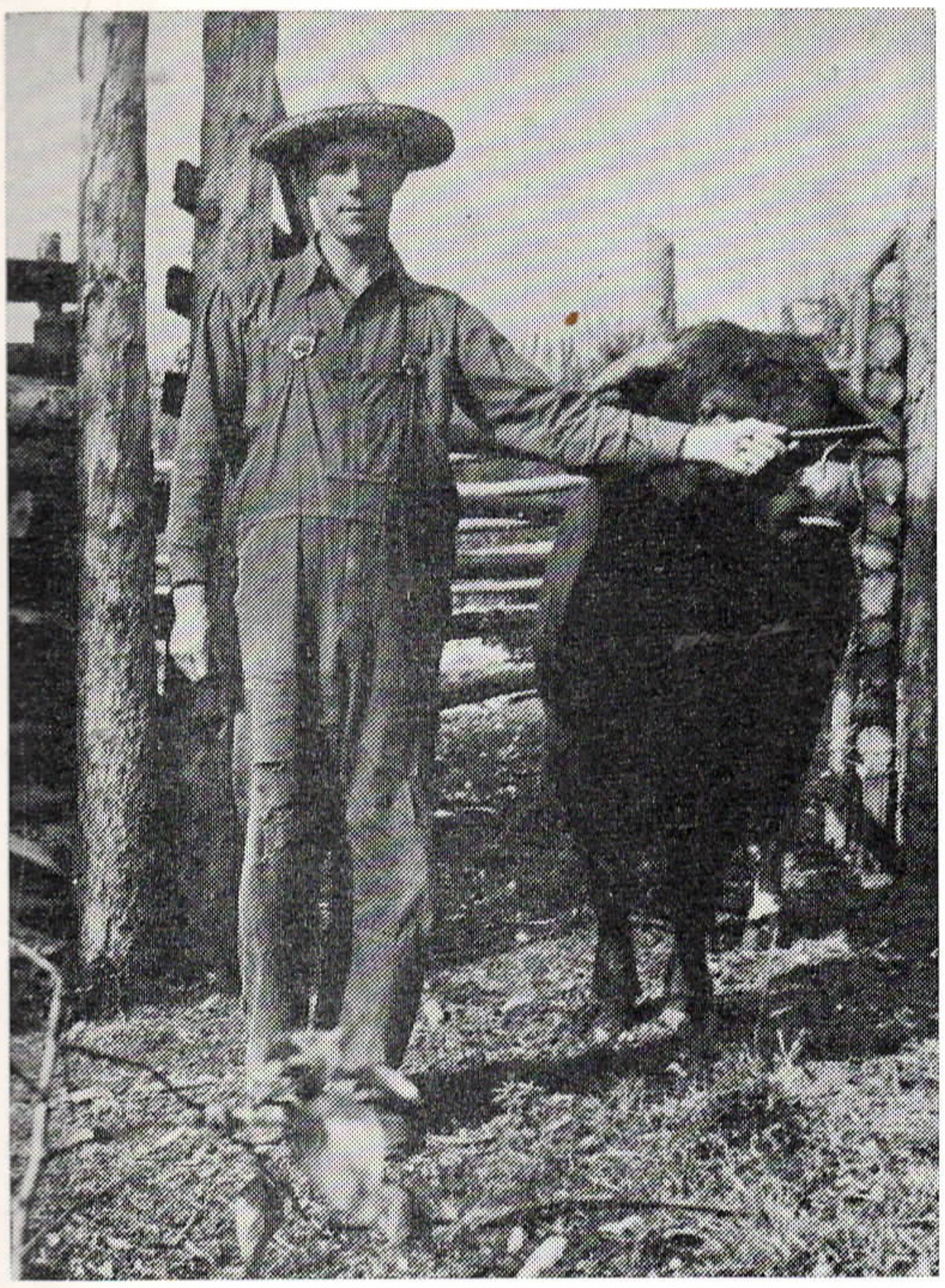
Mr. Orcutt is a resident of Mount Vernon, Wash.



The author is seen here with a Shorthorn bull, Rayalta Royal Prince.

a giant railroad trestle with its maze of criss-cross timbers, crossed the valley. Sometimes we would find a strawstack and pile a lot of straw by our wagon and roll out our blankets covered over with the tent to keep out the frost, as the nights were cold.

On the third day after leaving Lethbridge we drove into East Calgary and pitched our tent where we were to stay until Dad and the C.P.R. land agent located our future home. That night a cloud bow appeared over the Rocky Mountains before we went to bed. In the morning a Chinook wind awakened me with a swishing sound at the flapping of the tent door; I heard its rustling as it tripped along through the cottonwood trees along the banks of the Bow River. My! It was good to be alive as we went pouring out of the tent into that refreshing breeze.

We had only camped there a few days when two men, with authority personified, told us we would have to move on. Mother told them we had no place to go until Dad returned.

After five days Dad came back all enthused about the land he had bought from the C.P.R. seven miles from Caroline. We were away bright-eyed at sun-up and made our beds that night under the ramp of an elevator in Crossfield.

The first day of November was colder, with large wedges of geese honking their way in the blue sky, as if they had important business in some southern clime. But our business was northward, looking for our place to roost before winter set in.

It was near dark when we drove into a clump of poplar trees west of the old Farmer's Home Cafe in Innisfail, and pitched our tent. It seemed good to see rivers and trees after leaving the parched prairie. In the ninth day of our trip we crossed the Red Deer River and ate our lunch near the Medicine River Bridge. That night we camped on the north half of section 23, the land Dad had bought from the C.P.R.; it was to be our home for 22 years.

Art Bowers, our neighbor, told us there was an empty log house on the Davidson place where he thought we could stay. Bob Davidson let us move in until Dad could build our log house. The next day, on a large poplar tree about fifty yards from the house, I carved the date of our arrival in the Caroline Country—Nov. 2, 1914.

When we moved into the log house we filled the cracks between the logs with mud, moss and rags. Dad borrowed an old cook stove and bought a sheet metal heater and some stove pipe. There was a nice spring east of our house where we got our water. We hauled it in 50 gallon wooden barrels on a sled with four-footed horse power, and it was several years before we had a well.

It was my duty to cut wood for the stoves, and the younger boys' job to fill the old woodbox, which seemed to be always empty. We hauled large tamarack logs from the swamp and sawed them up into two-foot chunks with a large crosscut saw.

Dad built some bunk beds out of dry poplar poles with boards nailed

on the bottom and sides to hold the hay and blankets.

It wouldn't be exaggerating to say that there were a million snowshoe rabbits in the country that winter. Everywhere we went in the swamps and brush sloughs, our dog would scare out rabbits by the dozens. With our .22 rifle we would shoot all we could carry. We cut down jackpine trees and the rabbits came by the score to eat the pine needles. We set traps that caught many a rabbit that afterward was served at our dinner table. We had rabbit fried, boiled, roasted; we had rabbit for dinner, and then we had more rabbit for supper. Art Bowers gave us some pork so we ground it up with rabbit to make sausage. Thanks to the rabbit, partridge and oatmeal, we came through the winter all right and in the spring we planted our garden.

When Dad went to Caroline for groceries he met an old friend, Harv Langley, from Minnesota. His wife and Mother were old school chums in Fergus Falls and Caroline was named for Langley's daughter. Harv ran the store and gave us groceries on credit. His brother, Carol, hauled freight and the mail from Innisfail. About 1918 the mail route was changed, with the Caroline mail coming from Rocky Mountain House.

John Kime and Art Bowers helped Dad get out logs for our house that winter. In the spring I helped build the large log house and we moved in that fall. We had a big job driving fence posts and fencing our half section of land. Walt Williams, my Mother's brother, arrived that spring in Innisfail with a boxcar loaded with our household goods and livestock from Montana. Mosquitoes and horse flies by the thousands in that summer nearly set the horses and cattle crazy. We had a white mare named Nellie Gray that used to roll when she was covered with mosquitoes and her sides would have red patches of blood as big as the palm of my hand. We set piles of straw afire and covered them with green grass and wet hay, to make a fifty yard circle of smudges that protected our livestock from those thirsty blood suckers. And soon the animals would take refuge in that circle of smoke.

During nearly all of June 1915 it rained and rained and then rained some more. The North Saskatchewan River backed up in the Clearwater River, and the Clearwater came down the North Raven valley. On the flats the Raven, normally a small stream, was a half mile wide while on the road from Raven to Caroline no bridge was visible, the water being above the bridge railing. At that time, our mules and horses started back on their own for Montana, but Dad caught them near the Red Deer River with Jimmy, our pony, and drove them back to the Raven valley. The river was swift and deep, so he got Windy Adams with his boat to take him across. They drove the animals into the river and led the pony behind the boat. They had to swim nearly a quarter of a mile to get across. The men were paddling at a fast clip, as Jimmy didn't like to swim and tried to get into the boat.

The first crop, a forest of trees, was the most difficult one for us to harvest. Our mode of attack was with shovel and axe, digging around the trees and chopping out the tenacious roots—truly a back breaking job. We cleared and broke up a lot of land during the summer of 1915. That fall Uncle Walter and Dad went south near Champion to work on a threshing machine with their teams, hauling bundles.

In the meantime Bob, our baby brother arrived. With Grandma Williams, who had come to live with us, and Marjory who was born in 1918, we had ten in the family.

During the war years many young men built log cabins in the foothills and hid out until the armistice was signed. They called their district "New France," but the only shots fired were for game to replenish their larder. I remember Dad telling some men that President Wilson, Poincare of France, King George, Kaiser Bill and the Czar of Russia should be put in a ring with boxing gloves to settle the war. I was too young for the draft, but when the

cream cans, and several pails full of blueberries. She would can over a hundred quarts and sell some berries in town for 25 cents a pound.

Mother was barber, dentist and midwife for many of the neighbors around the country. One winter's day she went fifteen miles in a snowstorm to deliver a baby girl when no one else would go. One young lady came twelve miles to get an aching tooth pulled. Mother was Secretary-Treasurer of the Shiloh School District for 11 years and received $50 per year for her services. She was also president of the Ladies' Aid Society.

In the winter months we cut posts, logs, telephone poles, railroad ties and traded much of their value at the Alhambra Store for groceries. My brothers and I also worked in the coal mines at Saunders' Creek and at Nordegg, cutting mine props at $2 a day.

Many times we went hunting for moose 40 miles northwest of Rocky Mountain House, in the Baptiste River country, and never failed to bring back meat for the winter. We also trapped coyotes, beaver, mink, muskrat and weasels to earn a few dollars. Art Bowers snared a few lynx and some sold for $35 a hide. He made his own gunpowder from sulphur and saltpetre, and loaded his own rifle and shotgun shells.

Fish were plentiful; many jackfish and pickerel were caught in Swan and Burntwood Lakes. I remember a fishing trip to the South Raven in 1916 with my three brothers and my Dad. He taught us how to snare grayling and caught over 40 fish that were about 12 inches in length. We built a campfire and rolled some of the fish in mud and baked them in the red hot embers. Del got sick from eating fish that was not too well cooked.

In the early days dances were held in the different school houses—South Fork, Wooler, Crammond, Shiloh, Raven, North Raven and Stauffer. Masquerades and box suppers were a special delight, with the food boxes auctioned off to the highest bidder. The young fellows would gang up and make some guy really bid high for the privilege of eating supper with the new school teacher or the belle of the ball. Most of the people loved to square dance, others preferred the waltz, two step, fox trot, or the heel and toe polka. The Orcutts and the Lambs had orchestras that played for many of the dances.

During the winter months it was fun to bundle up in a sleigh box full of hay with a hot rock wrapped up at your feet and have the horses galloping over the snow to some surprise party. The ladies would bring cakes for the midnight supper. Someone would sing a popular song and another recite a dramatic poem. The older folk would play cards and we would dance.

The Caroline Hall was built about 1925, with different people suppling the lumber, labor and other materials. My brother Tom and I selected good logs for the two by ten floor joists in the hall. Rhodes and Womack sawed the logs at their mill, free of charge. Many a delightful time has been spent in that old hall.

Langley's store was moved from the old Caroline site on the south fork of the Raven River to its present location across the street from the Caroline Hall. Other buildings were built, including a blacksmith shop and Mitten's drygoods store just west of the hall. The new town of Caroline was on its way.

When the depression started in 1929 Dad was farming 120 acres, most of it in wheat. Wheat prices kept going down till number 3 wheat sold for 19 cents a bushel and it didn't pay to grow it. After 22 years of hail, frost, interest and the Depression eating up my father's equity in the C.P.R. land, the folks sold out and moved to Washington. After they went to the States, I farmed for five more years, raising hogs and sheep without much success. In the meantime I found a wife, for which I am thankful. In 1941, we too decided to sell out and move to Washington. After we received our visas, we took the train from Calgary to Vancouver, and there boarded our first ship, the "Princess Charlotte", on December 21st, 1941, bound for Seattle via Puget Sound.

Mrs. Orcutt is seen here with the mules which brought the family to Alberta in 1914.

U.S. declared war on Germany I had to register as a U.S. citizen.

The neighbors told Dad that all he could grow was Club wheat and barley because of early frost, but he secured some Marquis seed wheat and had a good crop, selling most of it to the neighbors for seed grain. Years later he grew an earlier variety called Garnet.

At that time, many pioneer girls wore dresses made from flour sacks dyed with different colors. The boys' socks were darned and darned again; overalls had patches on patches. That was when we would look at our "Wish Book," the mail order catalogue, until it was out of date, and then tear the pages out in the "House of Parliament." When the catalogue was used up, all that remained was slick colored pictures.

A small lard pail with a bright green shamrock was a lunch pail much admired at school. We only went five or six months during the warm weather to the Shiloh school that was built two miles from our place in 1910. Hugh Devore's dad named the school after the Civil War battle of Shiloh. Miss Mary Fingland, our first teacher, boarded with the Dial family. In those days very few pupils ever went beyond the eighth grade for the boys had to go out to work and help support the family. The summer I was fifteen I shocked oats at Scott Bower's for fifteen cents an hour. That fall I helped thresh with my Dad from daylight to lantern light west of Champion for $3.50 a day until I broke my collar bone in a runaway with those jittery mules. The next year we worked as carpenters, building Alberta Co-operative elevators and the roundhouse for the Grand Trunk Railroad at Big Valley.

Mother took care of the farm when Dad and I were away to work. She could harness the horses as well as Dad could, run the binder, stack the grain and do the fall plowing. Grandma and Mildred did the cooking and housework.

Mother was never idle; she always did more than her share of work. She had a big garden with all kinds of vegetables to store in the root cellar for winter. She and Mrs. Bowers would take a team of horses with a wagon load of kids and go across the swamp picking cranberries and blueberries. One time they came back with a large wash tub, some five and ten gallon

WESTERN BOOKSHELF

The Possibilities of Canada are Truly Great! Memoirs, 1906-1924, by Martin Nordegg, edited and with an introduction by T. D. Regehr. Macmillan of Canada. 246 pp. $9.95.

Reviewed by Georgeen Barrass, Calgary.

When Martin Nordegg arrived in Canada in 1906 he was no ordinary immigrant, for he was financed by a German syndicate and empowered by them to invest in the industrial development of this young country. A photochemist by profession, Nordegg had already lived abroad, having worked in England and Ireland. At the time of his decision to emigrate he was employed as manager of a large printing plant in Charlottenburg (now a suburb of Berlin).

Martin Nordegg explored the possibilities of investment in silver mines in the Cobalt area of Ontario prior to reading a report by the geologist, George M. Dawson, in which coal strata in the West were mentioned. In Alberta's first industry, Nordegg found fulfilment, for the coal fields he discovered were productive, the railroads provided a ready market, the town he carefully planned and built for the workers bore his name, and he could show profitable returns to the syndicate in Germany.

The notorious Mackenzie and Mann became his partners and of these gentlemen it was said, "he who sups with the devil must have a long spoon". Nordegg's stories of business rivalries and intrigues have a flavour of cloak and dagger.

With ease, and sometimes with dizzying speed, he moved between the wilds of Canada, the political atmosphere of Ottawa and the rich grandeur of pre-World War I Germany.

The bottom dropped from his world when, with the outbreak of this War, it was made plain to him that he was an enemy alien in the beloved country of his adoption, the final blow being the movement albeit unsuccessful, to rename the town of Nordegg.

The memoirs are written with humour, perception, and a delightful naivete, and show that, as well as being a shrewd businessman, Nordegg was a sensitive individual who cared greatly about his fellow human beings. Dr. Regehr has done a fine job of editing this work; his introduction and careful footnotes complete the background against which one can so plainly visualize Martin Nordegg. One wonders why he changed his name from Cohen (or Cohn) to Nordegg on arrival in Canada, and this, it seems, remains an unexplained mystery.

This reviewer's primary reaction after reading this fascinating first-hand account of pioneering and industrial growth that here we have all the ingredients for an excellent film. Best of all, it is fact, not fiction—and most of it happened in Alberta.

The Ukrainian Canadians, A History, by M. H. Marunchak. Ukrainian Free Academy of Sciences, Winnipeg. 792 pp. $20.00.

Reviewed by J. G. MacGregor, Edmonton.

All Canadians should be grateful to Dr. Marunchak for the stupendous effort he has devoted to compiling this encyclopedic history of the Ukrainian Canadians. Starting in 1891 when Wasyl Elyniak and Ivan Pylypiw arrived as curious immigrants, it traces the ever expanding achievements of this able and artistic people through eight decades until many of the "sheepskins" have become members of parliament and judges and until Dr. Stephen Worobetz has become Canada's first lieutenant-governor of Ukrainian ancestry. Dr. Marunchak tells of the heartbreak experienced by these talented and deeply religious people who having fled persecution in their homeland found themselves isolated in this pioneer land and cut off from their centuries-long culture. Portraying their role of cherishing their culture against the depressing fate of their homeland over-run time and again by foreign conquerers and in recent decades by Communist forces, he points to their achievements.

These immigrants, outstanding champions of democracy, have not only created a bastion of freedom in Canada where their ages-old culture may flourish, but in the process have repaid the liberty Canada granted them by making immeasurable contribution to the Canadian Mosaic. Canadians of other extractions would do well to read this book not only for the light it sheds upon an important segment of their countrymen but for what they can learn of themselves by its reflected light.

A History of the People of Michichi, edited by Jean I. Rowe. 485 pp. illus. hard cover. Available from Mrs. Rowe, Box 15, Michichi. $8.00.

When one thinks of pioneers, the mind often goes back to the 19th Century to some remote area. Yet this book shows that the pioneer can be from any period as long as he has joined the struggle to wrest a home from the land.

Those who settled in the Michichi area, north-east of Drumheller, found a land which could be bountiful yet savage. Good crops were followed by bitter drouths and the 30's were particularly hard on those pioneer settlers.

This book, prepared by the residents of the Michichi area, reflects much of this hardship, although it also deals with the good times experienced in community life. Produced entirely in the form of family histories, the book has been dependent upon the willingness of pioneers and their descendents to recall the events of that earlier era. Some, as would be expected, are little more than a family genealogy, but others bring out experiences and recollections which are part of the settlement story.

For example, Mrs. Ellen Hoy recalled a lady who had come to her father's store asking to have her children fitted for shoes. He was ready to wrap the shoes up when she said, "Oh, I didn't want to buy them, I just wanted to know the size so I can send to Eaton's." On the other hand, K. R. Foote recalled life in a sod house. "Poles from the river were used in the making of partitions," he said, "the door was homemade; the windows could not be opened . . . We hung wallpaper over the sod walls. This was our home for about four years, warm in winter and cool in summer."

The people of Michichi must be congratulated for their efforts in gathering these family stories and publishing their impressive book.

—H.A.D.

The Horse in Blackfoot Indian Culture, by John C. Ewers. Smithsonian Institution Press, Washington, D.C. 374 pp. illus. $12.50.

This valuable work was first published by the Smithsonian in 1955 but has been out of print for some time. So this reprint is a welcome one, for it is an important book based largely upon the author's interviews with informants.

The result of such an approach is immediately evident. The book is not simply a chain of quotations of early explorers and travellers, but is a detailed account drawn from elderly Indians who spoke from experience. Mr. Ewers interviewed these people in the 1940's, when a number of men who were warriors and buffalo hunters still were active. They told from first-hand experiences about the use of horses in daily life, in warfare and in religion. They also had information about horse breeding, the care of animals, riding gear, and many other details which otherwise would have been lost to the historian.

In addition, Mr. Ewers brings together this information, plus historical documentation, in a form which is readable and interesting. With the author being a recognized authority on the Blackfoot, his book is a factual source about this major tribe of the northern plains.

—H.A.D.

Taming the Prairie Wool, by Glendale Women's Institute. 193 pp. illus. Available from Mrs. Joe Hawkwood, R.R. 4, Calgary. $6.00.

A reprint of the popular local history dealing with the area between Calgary and Cochrane.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF ALBERTA BY-LAWS

The By-Laws of the Society, which have been in effect since 1963, have been under study by the Executive for more than a year. At the annual meeting on Feb. 20, 1971, approval was given for a revised set of By-Laws which will govern future activities of the Society. In addition, changes are being recommended in the Historical Society Act, which will be brought before the Alberta legislature at its next session.

Following are the new By-Laws of the Society.

1. Interpretation

(a) In these By-laws the expression "the society" shall mean the Historical Society of Alberta.

(b) Where reference is made to the "Executive" or the "Executive Committee," it shall be taken to mean the "Executive Committee of the Historical Society of Alberta" unless specifically designated as that of a Chapter.

(c) In the context where the terms 'Branch," "Branch Society," or "Chapter" is used, it shall in all cases be interpreted as applying to a Chapter of the Historical Society of Alberta, duly authorized by the executive of the Society" as provided for in the ensuing by-laws.

2. Membership

(a) Membership need not be confined to residents of the Province of Alberta and, on application, may be granted by the executive of the Society, or any Chapter. Membership is for one calendar year and may be terminated if the prescribed fees are not paid when they fall due. Members in good standing shall receive a copy of each issue of the *Alberta Historical Review.*

(b) **Classes of Membership**

(1) Individual. Each paid individual member shall be entitled to take part in and to vote at annual meetings of the Society, personal or by proxy.

(2) Family. Each adult member shall be entitled to take part in and to vote at annual meetings of the Society.

(3) Corporate. Open to corporations, industrial organizations, firms, or partnerships interested in supporting the aims of the Society. Each such member shall be entitled to one delegate with the right to take part and to vote in the annual meetings of the Society.

(4) Institutional. Open to museums, libraries, or educational institutions interested in supporting the aims of the Society. Each such member shall be entitled to one delegate with the right to take part and to vote in the annual meetings of the Society.

(5) Honorary Lifetime. May be granted by the Executive to members of the Society who have rendered long and distinguished service to the Society or the Province. Such members shall not pay dues, but shall be entitled to take part and to vote in the annual meetings of the Society.

(6) Votes may be cast by proxy in each class of membership as listed above (1) to (5).

3. Annual Membership Fees

(a) Annual Membership fees shall be set by the Executive of the Society every year, as the fees due and payable for each calendar year, necessary for the establishment or maintenance of membership in the Society during the year in question. Any change of fees shall be notified at the next

annual meeting of the Society, where those in attendance will be informed of the necessity.

(b) Membership fees may be collected by the Treasurer of the Society, or by the Treasurers of Chapters, and forwarded by them to the Treasurer of the Society.

(c) The Society shall remit to the Chapters a capitation grant as may be determined by the Executive from time to time.

4. Government

(a) (1) The Government of the Society shall be vested in an Executive Committee, which shall consist of the following officers, who shall be elected by members and delegates at the annual meeting of the Society:

President: who shall not concurrently hold office as President in a Chapter executive.

Vice-President

Secretary

Treasurer

One or more members of the Society, the number to be determined at each annual meeting.

(2) The following shall be ex-officio members of the Executive: The Editor of the *Alberta Historical Review*, the Immediate Past President of the Society, and the President, or his designated alternate, of each Chapter.

(b) Nominations and Elections

(1) The Nominating Committee shall be composed of the Immediate Past President of the Society, who shall serve as chairman, and one representative, to be appointed by each Chapter Executive. The Nominating Committee shall serve until the close of the next annual meeting. The Chairman of the Nominating Committee shall invite members of the Society to submit names and addresses of members suggested for nomination.

(2) The report of the Nominating Committee of its nominations shall be sent in writing to the Secretary by the first of December. The Secretary shall inform the Chapter Executive who shall, in turn, inform Society members on their mailing lists.

(3) In addition, nominations may be made from the floor at the annual meeting.

(c) The Terms of office of the said officers and of the Executive Committee shall be from date of election until the ensuing annual meeting.

(d) Should vacancies occur on the Executive Committee by reason of resignations or from other causes, such vacancies may be filled by the Executive Committee.

5. Duties of Officers and Executive Committee of the Society

(a) The general management of the Society shall be vested in the Executive Committee, and it shall arrange for the custody and control of all historical documents, objects, properties, etc., which it shall wish to preserve in accordance with the objects of the Society.

(b) The President of the Society shall preside at all meetings of the Executive Committee and at the annual meeting of the Society: In his absence the Vice-President, or in his absence, the President's designated alternate shall preside at such meetings.

(c) The Secretary of the Society shall keep minutes of all meetings of the Executive Committee and of the annual meeting and shall carry on the correspondence of the Society, and shall have the custody of the

(g) The Government of each Chapter shall be vested in an Executive Committee of the Chapter.

(h) Upon application the Executive may make grants, loans, or subsidies to the Chapters in order to assist them in carrying out projects or programs.

8. Duties of Officers and Executive Committees of a Chapter

(a) The management of each Chapter of the Society shall be vested in the executive committee of the Chapter, and it shall be responsible for collecting and preserving all historical objects, documents, properties, etc., within its city, town or district in accordance with the objects of the Society.

(b) The officers of Chapters of the Society shall generally have the same duties in respect to their respective Chapter as those of the officers of the Society.

(c) The Chapter shall appoint annually an Auditor to scrutinize and report on the accounts of the Chapter Treasurer.

9. Annual Meetings of the Chapters

(a) Chapter annual meetings shall be held once a year.

(b) Time and place of the meeting shall be set by the Executive of the Chapter and notice of these details shall be mailed by the Chapter Secretary of each member to his last known address at least (10 ten days before the date of such meeting.

(c) Annual reports should be submitted by the President and the Secretary on behalf of the Executive Committee of the Chapter. The Treasurer's report, duly audited, shall be submitted.

(d) Chapter officers for the ensuing year shall be elected at the annual meeting of the Chapter.

(e) Delegates of the Chapter for attendance at the annual meeting of the Society shall be nominated by the Executive Committee of each Chapter and approved by a regular Chapter meeting of the general membership prior to the Society's annual meeting.

10. Amendments

(a) Proposed amendments to the by-laws may be presented by the Executive, or to the Executive, in writing (30) thirty days prior to the annual meeting. Proposed amendments may be approved by a majority vote at the annual meeting.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF ALBERTA
EXECUTIVE FOR 1971

President — James Parker, Edmonton

Vice-President — W. R. Sampson, Edmonton

Secretary — Georgeen Barrass, Calgary

Treasurer — Gordon M. Chandler, Calgary

Whoop-Up Country Representatives — Frank Russell and Carlton Stewart

Chinook Country Representatives — Dave Gilbert and Grant L. Weber

Amisk Waskahegan Representatives — Alan Ridge and Andy den Otter

MEMBERSHIP

Membership in the Historical Society of Alberta is open to anyone for $4.00 a year. Members receive the quarterly Alberta Historical Review, and are entitled to receive notices of meetings and tours of the Amiskwaskahegan, Chinook Country, or Whoop-Up Country chapters of the Society.

PUBLICATIONS

The Pioneer West, reprint of Alberta Historical Review, Vol. 1, Nos. 1 and 2, 36 pp., 1969 ..... each $1.00

Calgary—In Sandstone
by Richard Cunniffe, 1969; 29 pp. $1.00

Big Bear, Indian Patriot,
by William B. Fraser, 1966, 15 pp. ..... 50 cents

The Battle at Belly River,
compiled by Alex Johnston, 1968, 36 pp. ..... 50 cents

Boats and Barges on the Belly,
compiled by Alex Johnston, 1966, 48 pp. $1.00

North-West Historical Society booklets:

1. **The Alberta Field Force of 1885,**
by Col. F. C. Jamieson, 1931, 53 pp. $1.00
2. **The Dominion Telegraph,**
by J. S. Macdonald, 1930, 64 pp. $1.00
3. **The Story of the Press,**
edited by Campbell Innes, 1928, 106 pp. $1.00
4. **Canon E. K. Matheson, D.D.,**
a history of the Anglican Church in N.W. Saskatchewan, 1927, 86 pp. $1.00

Alberta Historical Review, back numbers ..... each $1.00

Available: 1957 (Summer only); 1958 (Winter, Summer, Autumn); 1959 (all issues); 1960 (Winter, Spring, Summer); 1963 (Spring and Autumn); 1964 (Winter, Spring, Summer); 1965 (all four issues); 1966 (Spring, Summer, Autumn); 1967 (Summer only); 1968 (more available); 1969 (Winter, Spring, Summer); 1970 (Spring, Autumn).

HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF ALBERTA
Box 4035, Station C
Calgary, Alberta

AIMS OF
THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF ALBERTA

- To promote interest in Alberta's history.
- To publish documents relating to the history of the West.
- To encourage the writing of reminiscences and local histories.
- To assist in planning and constructing museums, historical markers and highway signs.
- To help preserve historic sites and landmarks.

ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL